

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Dartmoor: a Descriptive Poem.* By N. T. CARRINGTON, Author of the Banks of Tammar. With a Preface and Notes, by W. BURT, Esq., Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth; and Eight Vignettes and Four Views, illustrative of Scenery, Drawn and Etched by P. H. Rogers, Esq., Plymouth. Royal 8vo. pp. 309. London, 1826. Hatchard and Son.

PROLIFIC as the present age is, in poetical productions, we have seldom met with a poem that pleased us so much, or that possesses so much merit, as Mr. Carrington's *Dartmoor*. The subject may be thought an unpromising one, though selected by the Royal Society of Literature, for a prize of fifty guineas, which was gained by Mrs. Hemans; Mr. Carrington was not among the candidates, or, much as we admired her lines on the subject, we should not have hesitated in awarding the palm to the poem of *Dartmoor*, before us, as being a production of a higher order.

Mr. Carrington is, we understand, a schoolmaster at Plymouth, or Devonport, and, although his talents are universally admired, and he is much esteemed by all that know him, yet fortune frowns on him; and, in an age which is called Augustan, he is left unpatronized and in obscurity. Neglect, unmerited neglect, has not, however, prevented Mr. Carrington from wooing the muse. The gentleman who has written the notes to this poem, alluding to Mr. C. says,—

'Employed from morning to night in a painful vocation, with a very numerous family to support on a scanty income, and that income materially diminished by the present mania for subscription schools, Mr. Carrington has yet seized leisure to exercise his poetic genius and to manifest the unconquerableness of his spirit. It is fervently to be desired, that these laudable efforts may raise up for him and his family some better patron than they have hitherto found. In his farther commendation, it may be added, that he has never published a line or sentence calculated to redder the cheek of modesty, or to inculcate a pernicious moral. Would that all our poets could boast as much!'

Such a man, we think, has a very strong claim on the notice of the Royal Society of Literature, and, we trust, that one of the pensions of one hundred guineas a-year, will be awarded to this deserving author; for, in such a case, it would be both an act of kindness and of justice.

Mr. Carrington is a great admirer of nature, with a fine perception of her beauties, which he describes with much truth and pa-

thos; and, indeed, without provoking a comparison, which might prove unfavourable to him, we do not hesitate to say, that he reminds us more frequently of Thomson than any poet we have met with.

*Dartmoor* is a descriptive poem, in very excellent blank verse; it notices every thing worthy of notice in the vast scene to which it relates, and the author displays much feeling, strong local attachment, and a fine taste throughout the whole poem. This, we think, will be apparent in the following lines, which are from the commencement of the poem:—

'Lovely Devonia! land of flowers and songs! To thee the dutious lay. Thou hast a cloud For ever in thy sky—a breeze, a shower, For ever on thy meads;—yet where shall man, Pursuing spring around the globe, refresh His eye with scenes more beauteous than adorn Thy fields of matchless verdure. Not the south,—

The glowing south—with all its azure skies, And aromatic groves, and fruits that melt At the rapt touch, and deep-hued flowers that light

Their tints at zenith suns—has charms like thine, Though fresh the gale that ruffles thy wild seas, And wafts the frequent cloud. I own the power

Of local sympathy, that o'er the fair Throws more divine allurement, and o'er all The great more grandeur; and my kindling muse,

Fired by the universal passion, pours Haply a partial lay. Forgive the strain Enamour'd; for to man, in every clime, The sweetest, dearest, noblest spot below, Is that which gives him birth; and long it wears

A charm unbroken, and its honour'd name, Hallow'd by memory, is fondly breathed With his last lingering sigh!

'O beautiful Art thou, Devonia, or when spring awakes The bud—the flower; or when the leafiness Crown thy hills, beneath the summer noon Gloriously rests; or autumn sheds her hues Divine: and if stern winter rule the day, O'er thee the monarch of the sunken year Reigns with paternal mildness. Though his voice

Is heard majestically urging on The loud sea-storm; and haply at his nod Cease the sweet murmurs of the streams, as blow Th' infrequent breezes of the biting east: Yet oft'ner he permits the ocean gales To breathe on thee reviving warmth, and waft The fertilizing shower. With welcome ray, Though Capricorn detain the parent orb, The sun upon thy ever-verdant fields Delights to glance, inspiring oft the birl To burst into a gush of song. Thy vales— The Austral vales—beneath that quickening beam

Exult; and there, in liveliest green attire'd, Smiling like hope, and cheering the glad eye, The meek unshelter'd myrtle sweetly blooms.

'Yet winter, in his gentlest kindest mood, Is still unlovely, and his very smile Is more forbidding than the frown of spring. O welcome spring, whose still small voice is heard,

E'en by the mighty tempest of the north— Who strays amid thy empire, and feels not Divine sensations?—feels not life renew'd At all its thousand fountains? Who can bathe His brow in thy young breezes, and not bless The new-born impulse which gives wings to thought

And pulse to action. But for me the gale, That wantons with the flower and fans the bud Into the living leaf, and wafts around Fragrance and health, breathes not. The bird which sings

His touching lay of liberty and love To thousands, sings not to my ear. The hymn Of earth and sky—the breeze, the flower, the brook—

All sights and sounds delicious—cheering still, From morn to eve, the blushing vernal hour— Are for the joyous many, who can stray At will, unsaddled by the galling chain That Fate has forg'd for Labour's countless sons:—

A chain unbroken and unloosen'd oft From youth to toiling age, save just to taste How sweet a thing is liberty;—to mark How green the earth;—how beautiful the sky, How ill-magnificent the sea,—and wear The hated bonds again. On me the sun Has seldom shone—a freeman;—free to rove At morn, and l, if the feathery nations pour Their strains full-hearted, ere the ray has drank The dew-drop of the vale;—to hear the rills In joyful tumult rush adown thy slopes Devonia; and with lightsome step to scale Thy hills green-breasted, and delighted view The infinite of prospect;—free at noon, By fringed brooks, in meditative mood, To rest where nothing breaks the hallow'd pause

But lapse of living waters;—free at eve, To tread some sun-illumin'd ridge, and gaze Enraptured on the cloud that sails the west With hues celestial tinged, and hear the song That bids the day farewell:—how seldom free, Through life's dull, dreary, heartless round, at night,

Dear night!—to draw my curtain on the world, Invoke the muse, commune with ages past, And feast on all the luxury of books.'

The barren character of *Dartmoor*, contrasted with the fertility by which it is surrounded, is thus happily described:—

'And O 'tis sweet To list the music of thy torrent-streams; For thou, too, hast thy minstrelsies for him Who from their liberal mountain-urn delights To trace thy waters, as from source to sea They rush tumultuous. Yet for other fields

Thy bounty flows eternal. From thy sides  
Devonia's rivers flow; a thousand brooks  
Roll o'er thy rugged slopes;—tis but to cheer  
Yon Austral mea's unrivall'd, fair as aught  
That bards have sung, or Fancy has conceiv'd  
*'Mid all her rich imaginings.* Wist thou,  
The source of half their beauty, wearest still,  
Through centuries, upon thy blasted brow,  
The curse of barrenness.

‘ Devoted moon!

The sun has shone with generous warmth on  
thee,  
The cloud has drop'd its fatness, and the gale,  
The vernal gale—has blown; yet thou hast  
been  
Unchangeable—unquicken'd—while around  
A blooming world has waked and grateful  
own'd  
The bounty of the skies. Thy rugged hills  
Have seldom echo'd with the peasant's voice,  
Inspiring his patient team,—the song  
Of industry and hope. The magic hand  
Of cultivation has beyond thee spread  
The cheerful cultured field, and bade the woods  
Luxuriantly arise, and harvests wave;  
And cross'd the landscape with unnumber'd  
lines  
Of foliage, sheltering deep the smiling meads  
And conscious herds, sweet scatter'd there, se-  
cure  
Alike from wintry blast, or scorching ray;  
But, o'er thy desolate and naked heath,  
Sweeps not the impenetrable guardian fence—  
The hedge-row, with its wild and wanton  
growth—  
Hazel, or snowy hawthorn, interspersed  
With the broad-spreading oak, or leafy elm,  
Or holly, pointing to the moorland storm  
Its hardy fearless leaf.

The following contrast of the perishable  
character of works of art with those of nature,  
is striking and beautiful. The author alludes to the Tor:—

‘ Majestic pile—  
Thus, through the dreary flight of ages, thus  
Triumphant o'er decay! Art not thou old  
As the aged sun, and did not his first beam  
Glance on thy now-form'd forehead; or art thou  
But born of the deluge, nigh y one? Thy  
birth  
Is blended with the unfathomable past,  
And shadows deep—too deep for mortal eye—  
Envelop it. With reverence I gaze  
Upon thy awful form, to which compared  
Our proudest works are toys. O! vain is man,  
Though loud on science' magic name he call,  
To rear his edifice of glory high,  
And bid it live for ever. Time destroys  
His statues and his columns and his domes;  
Flings his triumphal arches to the ground,  
And gnaws the names of heroes and of kings;  
E'en from the marble tablet. Earth is strew'd,  
O man, with many a solitary wreck  
Of all thy great and beautiful! In dust  
She sits—the classic city sits,—the name  
Dear to the muses! Who can think of thee,  
Athenæ, and not drop the indignant tear,  
As roam the dull barbaric hosts among  
Thy glorious ruins, with unhallow'd step  
And desolating arm? Thy hour is past;  
Thy noblest piles are mouldering o'er the bones  
Of the immortal dead; while here, unbur—  
Wed almost to eternity—secure  
In their own strength proud baffling all the  
rage  
Of the defeated elements, and all  
The ceaseless injuries of time—remain  
The columns of the wilderness!’

It is not only the calm beauties of na-  
ture that Mr. Carrington is felicitous in de-  
scribing, he can soar with his subject, as  
will be seen by the following description of a  
thunder-storm, which happened on Sunday,  
the 21st of October, 1638, when a ball of  
fire fell into the church, killing forty-one per-  
sons and wounding sixty-two others:—

‘ And oft the swain,  
When deeply falls the winter night, narrates  
To his own rustic circle, seated near  
The peat piled hearth, how in th' involving  
cloud  
Tremendous, flashing forth unusual fires,  
Was wrapt the house of prayer,—thy sacred  
fane,  
Romantic Widdecombe. The village bard,  
In simple verse that time has kindly spared,  
Has also sung it; and, in style uncouth,  
The pious rural annalist has penn'd  
The fearful story:—

‘ Far o'er hill and dale,  
Their summons glad the sabbath-bells had  
flung;—  
From hill and dale obedient they had sped  
Who heard the holy welcoming; and now  
They stood above the venerable dead  
Of centuries, and bow'd where they had bow'd  
Who slept below. The simple touching tones  
Of England's psalmody upswell'd, and all,  
With lip and heart united, loudly sang  
The praises of the highest. But anon,  
Harsh mingling with that minstrelsy, was  
heard  
The fitful blast;—the pictured windows  
shook,—  
Around the aged tower the rising gale  
Shrill whistled; and the ancient massive doors  
Swung on their jarring hinges. Then—at  
once—  
Fell an unnatural calm, and with it came  
A fearful gloom, deep'ning and deep'ning, till  
‘ Twas dark as night's meridian; for the cloud,  
Descending, had within its bosom wrapt  
The fated dome. At first a herald flash  
Just chased the darkness, and the thunder spoke  
Breaking the strange tranquillity. But soon  
Pale horror reign'd,—the mighty tempest burst  
In wrath appalling;—forth the lightning sprang  
And death came with it, and the living writhed  
In that dread flame-sheet.

‘ Clasp'd by liquid fire—  
Bereft of hope, they madly said the hour  
Of final doom was nigh, and soul and sense  
Wild reel'd; and, shrieking, on the sculptured  
floor  
Some helpless sank; and others watch'd each  
flash  
With haggard look and frenzied eye, and  
cow'r'd  
At every thunder-stroke. Again a power  
Unseen dealt death around! In speechless awe  
The boldest stood; and when the sunny ray  
Gleaming again on river, field, and wood,  
Had chased the tempest, and they drank once  
more  
The balmy air, and saw the bow of God—  
His token to the nations, throwing wide  
Its arch of mercy o'er the freshen'd earth—  
How welcome was that light—that breeze—  
that bow;  
And, oh, how deep the feeling that awoke,  
To heaven the hymn of thankfulness and joy?’

For vigour of style, elegance of diction,  
and beauty of sentiment, the poem of Dart-  
moor will hold a very high rank in English  
poetry; some passages have all the sublimity

of the mountain scenery he describes, while  
the smoothness of the versification may be  
compared to the most tranquil of ‘ Devonia's  
fairest rivers.’ We might add to our ex-  
tracts, but those we have given are sufficient  
to show the merit of Mr. Carrington's poem;  
as, however, the preface and notes contain  
much historical and topographical informa-  
tion, we shall reserve them for an article next  
week.

*An Inquiry into the Nature and Effects of  
Flogging; the Manner of Inflicting it at  
Sea; and the alleged Necessity for allowing  
Seamen to be flogged at Discretion in the  
Royal Navy and the Merchant Service. To  
which is added a Seaman's Appeal against  
Impressment.* 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1826.  
Hunt and Clarke.

MAN, though the most intelligent, is, per-  
haps, the most inconsistent of all God's crea-  
tures; and he will strain at a gnat and swal-  
low a camel. Gentlemen who whine over  
the sufferings of an overstrained horse, or the  
goadings of a perverse donkey, will, day after  
day, dine off crimped cod and stewed eels,  
and sup off pegged lobsters. Legislators,  
too, who, session after session, labour to get  
the use of the whip abolished in the West  
Indies, even as an emblem of authority,  
sanction, either by their vote or their silence,  
the flogging of British seamen! Even Lord  
Cochrane, that avowed enemy to oppression,  
had the boldness to advocate the flogging of  
seamen in the House of Commons; and the  
High Court of Admiralty has gone so far as  
to declare that, even in the merchant service,  
bodily punishment may be inflicted whenever  
the commander of a vessel may deem it ne-  
cessary.

The author of the Inquiry before us is a  
decided enemy to flogging; he describes the  
nature of the punishment, properly depre-  
cates the possessing of a discretionary power  
so enormous, and shows that it is not only  
oppressive and unjust, but useless, or even  
injurious. All our readers know that the  
instrument of torture used on board ship is  
called a cat-o-nine-tails, but they may not be  
so well acquainted with its construction; we  
shall therefore copy a description of it:—

‘ This instrument, the power to use which  
at discretion, is so fondly cherished and  
stoutly defended in a certain assembly; this  
instrument will be best described by dividing  
it into two parts, i. e. the handle and the  
tails; the latter are made of log-line, which  
is about the size of a small clothes-line; the  
former is generally a piece of old laniard  
rope, rendered tolerably stiff, in consequence  
of its having been saturated with tar, and ex-  
posed to alternate changes of the weather.  
The handle, which is generally about a third  
of a fathom long, is wormed with the tails,  
cable-laid, and covered with green, blue, or  
red baize; so that, even in this matter, frivo-  
lity or taste, if you please, is never overlook-  
ed. We have said that the handle of this  
shamefully-cherished instrument is generally  
about a third of a fathom, that is to say, two  
feet long; the tails are generally about half a  
fathom, or three feet; and under what was

termed *a taut hand*, used to have three over-hand knots in each tail.'

With this instrument three dozen lashes are inflicted, and that not on the verdict of a jury, or the decision of a court-martial, but as may suit the caprice or malice of an officer. That the punishment is not productive of the only good which could sanction it, the prevention of crime, our author stoutly contends; and, he says,—

' With such unrelenting severity has the lash been inflicted in the royal navy, that MUTINY and MURDER have been resorted to in a spirit of retaliation? What was it which induced the crew of the Hermione to mutiny, to kill the captain, (Pigot,) his officers, and the marines; and then to carry that ship into an enemy's port? Excessive flogging and starting, which were inflicted to an excess surpassing human endurance, and rendering the prospective terrors of the yard-arm a comparatively trifling risk, when weighed with the tremendous evils from which the crew of the Hermione conceived they were about to extricate themselves. We do not believe it to be possible that any man can reflect on the mutiny of the Hermione, and the MURDERS AND HANGINGS which resulted therefrom, without feeling convinced that the whole was an effect, of which the cruel and wanton abuse of power, on the part of Capt. Pigot and his officers, was most assuredly the cause. It is this conviction which, to a certain extent, mitigates our abhorrence of the cool-blooded murders which were committed by the mutineers of the Hermione on that lamentable occasion.

' Again we ask, what was it which induced the crew of the Danae to rise upon her captain, Lord Proby, and his officers, and carry that ship also into an enemy's port? We answer, the very same causes which led to the running away with the Hermione; i.e. the accursed flogging and starting which the unfortunate victims of abuse of power were too frequently unmeritedly made to endure; and, although the mutineers of the Danae stained not their hands with the blood of their officers, a great number of them expiated their offence at the yard-arm, although they were driven to commit the offence, for which they suffered so ignominious a death, by the most wanton acts of barbarity. And while we do not recollect an instance of mutiny, or premeditated mutiny, which did not originate in consequence of excessive flogging, starting, and other cruel treatment, we are confident that the cat-o'-nine tails never yet prevented or suppressed one. We have known several instances, wherein the changing of a captain, and the substituting of mildness for severity, have been productive of results highly gratifying to every one not totally insensible to justice and humanity. But mutinies, murders, and the consequent hangings, are not the only baneful effects of that wanton abuse of power which we are so anxious to see properly restrained.

' One would imagine, that an officer falling in a contest for the honour and interest of his country, would be sure to experience the sympathy and regret of all who had served, fought, and bled under his command. But,

alas! such are the consequences which result from cruelty and abuse of power, that the death of some of our commanders was matter of unbounded exultation amongst their crews, who conceived themselves thereby rescued from the fangs of an unrelenting persecutor. We could mention several instances of this description, but one will be quite sufficient for our purpose; Captain Corbett, we think it was, who commanded the Africaine, was a complete Tartar; and when he fell, the crew of that ship gave vent to their exultation in three distinct cheers, and most heartily felicitated each other on their being thus ridded of an unparalleled scourge.

' Such have been, and doubtless ever will be, the effects of allowing individuals to possess the unrestrained power of inflicting corporeal punishment at discretion.'

It appears from the statement of this author, who is himself a sailor, that the log-book gives a very imperfect record of the punishments inflicted on board a ship, and he adduces the return of entries on board the ship Howe, in which he served, as an instance of this; he also states the causes of the recorded punishments, which appear to us quite unwarranted. Without, however, entering farther on the subject, we must say that the author of this Inquiry fully establishes the inefficacy, as well as the cruelty, of flogging in the navy; and we wish honourable members would give the pamphlet a perusal, before they again advocate a system so repugnant to the best feelings of nature.

*Brambletye House; or, Cavaliers and Roundheads. A Novel.* By one of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses. 3 vols post 8vo. pp. 1190. London, 1826. Colburn. It appears that the author of Waverley and Mr. Horace Smith have, like the two kings of Brentford, both been smelling at the same nosegay—that, in fact, each has chosen the troubles of the Stuarts as the basis of a novel. In the novel of Sir Walter, the publication of which has been delayed by the embarrassments of the great Scottish bookseller, the escape of Charles II., after the battle of Worcester, forms a prominent interest, and the work is called Woodstock, from the circumstance of the king's being concealed for a time, (among other hair-breadth adventures,) in the royal hunting-seat where Henry II. embowered Fair Rosamond, and the site of which Blenheim House now occupies. It is said, the Merry Fugitive, in his numberless disguises, constitutes one of the author's very happiest portraits, and that he is contrasted in the most effective manner with Old Noll, who at the period keeps his state in Windsor Castle.

In Brambletye House, the king and Old Noll have also prominent stations, and without instituting any further comparison between the two novels and their authors, we must say, that that of Mr. Smith displays much talent and humour. That Brambletye House is on the same plan, and belongs to the same class as the tales of the author of the Waverley will not be denied; it is not, however, a

servile imitation, but a spirited original. It gives a vivid picture of Cromwell and the puritans, and the leading characters in the novel are sketched with a bold hand; and we must say with much political honesty: The greatest drawback, perhaps, in this work, is, that the events on which it is founded are better known than almost any part of English history, and the author has scarcely deviated far enough to give them much novelty; there are also a few lapses as to the style, but these are to be found frequently enough even in the Waverley novels, and, therefore, we must not be invidious in pointing out faults where there is so much to praise. The title of the work is taken from a mansion occupied by the Comptons, called Brambletye House, and situated on the confines of Ashdown Forest, in the county of Sussex. At this house resided Sir John Compton, a stanch loyalist, and the story commences with the attack of it by the party of Cromwell, who, on account of its strength, wished to get possession of it, which a party, under Col. Lilburne, succeeded in doing; the adventures of Sir John and his son Jocelyn, who may be considered as the hero of the tale, form prominent features in this novel; the style and cant of the puritans is extremely well hit off, and the author has introduced snatches of songs, written at the time of the civil wars, very happily. In the course of his adventures, Sir John becomes an ostler at an inn, kept by Mr. Lovegrace Righteous, called the Protector's Head:—

' Although a publican, Mr. Lovegrace Righteous was very far from a sinner, if an opinion might be formed from the religious habits of his establishment. Every morning and evening his wife read aloud a chapter of the Bible, to the whole household, after which she delivered a long extempore prayer, composed with much more propriety of sentiment and correctness of language, than Sir John had anticipated from her station in life. The day after his arrival proved to be Sunday, when, instead of increased bustle, and a noisy influx of sabbath-breakers, the house was closely shut up, every stranger being liable to a penalty of ten shillings for being found within the walls of a public house, (a fine to which the landlord was equally exposed,) and all travelling being interdicted, whether with boat, horse, waggon, coach, or sedan, except for the purpose of going to church. The sabbath dinner, to which they all sat down together, and which consisted of the various fragments of the week, afforded the landlord a fine opportunity for that extempore spiritualizing in a quaint inmeasurable grace, which was then the vogue, and which endeavoured to deduce some appropriate lesson from every individual dish. Thus he desired that the hashed chickens might remind them of Him who would have gathered Hierusalem as a hen gathereth her chickens, but she would not:—that the mutton might recall King David, who was once a shepherd:—that the veal might put them in mind of the parable of the Prodigal Son, for whose return his father killed the fatted calf,—that the capon might render them mindful of the cock that crowed three times in the hearing of Peter:—that the knuckle of

bacon might lead them to think of that herd of swine, into which the devils entered and hurried them headlong into the sea; and that the fish might remind them of the whale which swallowed the prophet Jonas, as well as of that which had been lately cast ashore at Greenwich, for a prodigy and a portent to the people. From the remains of a lobster were elicited various fanciful allusions to the red-hatted cardinals, the horns of the scarlet beast of Rome, and the papistical copes and surplices of which the shell was the emblem: and thus having exhausted his own oratory, as well as the patience of Sir John, the final blessing was pronounced, and the party had permission to fall upon the "creature-comforts" set before them.'

We shall not, however, attempt to unravel the story of the novel, but only give a few extracts as specimens; the following is a description of Cromwell and his court, at Hampton:—

'Around the room, (the presence chamber,) were standing many of those warriors whose names had been rendered illustrious by their exploits in the late wars, most of whom, in compliment to the fashionable alarm of the moment, were equipped in complete or partial armour, as if rather attending a council of officers in a tent, than a peaceful levee in a palace. Some of the junior officers, whose coats of mail covered with buff had not, even in those days, cost less than thirty or forty pounds, and who seemed to think they might assume a little foppery, now that the general himself affected the splendour of a court, had endeavoured to give their military garb a more dressy and drawing-room appearance, by fringing the sleeves and collar of their leathern doublets with expensive point-lace. Others had gold or plated buckles to their shoulder-belts, and gay sword-knots of silk ribbon; but the far greater part, although so scrupulously complete in their martial appointments as to satisfy the most finical martinet, rejected the smallest decoration, and fully justified the averment of the cavalier song—

"They'll not allow, such pride it brings,  
Nor favours in hats, nor no such things,  
They'll convert all ribbons to Bible-strings,  
Which nobody can deny."

Grave, orderly, and decorous as was their general mien and deportment, they appeared by the rough unpolished hardihood of their aspect, to be rather qualified for the camp than the court, and to merit the character they have received from a cotemporary historian, who designates them as—"Sword grantees, that better became a fray than a feast."

'It had been expected that his highness would upon this occasion wear the sumptuous robe of purple velvet, and display the Bible, sword, and sceptre, with which he had been invested at his solemn inauguration in Westminster Hall a short time before; but as he had assumed these "phylacteries and fringes of state," in conformity with the wishes of others rather than his own, he discarded them the moment they had answered the purposes of their temporary assumption. Few would have judged from his present habiliments that he had so recently refused the

title of king, and fewer still that he retained the power of one; for he was attired with an almost fastidious plainness, in a black cloth cloak, doublet, and hose, with velvet facings and buttons. Not a single article of expense or luxury could be detected about his person, unless we may designate as such a pair of black silk high stockings, and satin roses of the same hue in his shoes: nor had he any mark of authority, save that he wore his hat, which was broad brimmed, with a low conical crown. His eyes were slightly blood-shot, and in the projecting veins of his sanguine and swollen, yet somewhat melancholy, face, were to be traced the evidences of a fiery and passionate temperament, tamed down by a long course of religious and moral discipline. There was an inclination to rubicundity in his nose, an inexhaustible subject of ridicule for the lampooners and ballad writers of the opposite party; and a large wart upon his forehead, which had not been forgotten in the warfare of personal scurrility. His partially grizzled hair hung in slight curls to his shoulders, and his collar, turned down and scolloped at the edges, disclosed the upper part of his throat, which was thick and muscular. From the hardships of many years' service there was a degree of coarseness in his face, but his head was so shaped as to give him a commanding and intellectual air, while his general appearance was such as to stamp a conviction upon the beholder, that he was truly the master spirit of his age.'

From the palace we descend to a prison, the Gate House, where we find Jocelyn thrust among a host of poor players and puritans:—

'The Gate House, in fact, was an epitome of the kingdom at large; a sample of the excesses and frenzy produced by a long continuance of spiritual and political convulsion, which had broken up all the moral elements of the nation, set them in array against each other, and inflamed them to madness by the excitements of a protracted civil war. It presented also no unapt illustration of Cromwell's government, who, throughout the whole extent of three kingdoms, kept in awe these furious factions, each inimical to the other, and all hostile to himself; holding them together in subjection with as much security and peace as his deputy, Mr. Giles Lockhart, preserved within the narrow limits of the Gate House prison.'

'Two of his gaol birds, (as he termed them,) who stood apart from the others, were the first to notice Jocelyn, and of course excited his more particular attention. They had been actors in London, and upon the suppression of the theatres betook themselves to an itinerant life, furtively exercising their now illicit calling, as occasion offered; sometimes feasted and rewarded, sometimes whipped or imprisoned as common vagabonds, according to the caprice of local authority, or the prevalence of political feeling. As the cavalier party, however, had little but empty plaudits to bestow, while the puritans had the dispensation of stripes and imprisonments, they had attempted to mend their sinking fortunes, or, at least, to wreak their revenge, by the composition of a joint

satire. In conformity to the existing taste for quaint alliteration, it was entitled—"Thalia's Threat and Melpomene's Menace against the Stranglers of the Stage;" and in reward of this spleenetic exertion of their muse, the authors were incontinently sent to quaff the classic air of the Gate House. One of them, whose name was Pickering, and who exhibited that air of janty slovenliness, or shabby-genteel look, which still characterises the poorer itinerants of the profession, was buoyant, gay, and strutting in his deportment, while his semi-tragic language seemed to be an olio of all the bombastic blank verse he had picked up in the exercise of his calling, or gleaned from the taffety phrases of Sir Euphues. His companion, whom he addressed by the name of Rookwood, appeared to be overcome by his misfortunes, and to have sunk into a squalid sloth and sottishness, comforting himself with his pipe for his inability to procure double-bub ale, and gazing silently upon its smoke with a fixed and drunken eye.

"O Huntingdonian brewer base!" exclaimed the former, as he stalked up to Jocelyn with a theatrical air,—"O truculent and most Herodian knave! O thrice Nerotic Caligilian spawn!—or rather, as may best befit thy lineaments obscene,—O red-nosed Noll! is't not enough that men of full-grown pith, and mighty mind sublime, thy spleenful wrath endure, but must these babes and sucklings yield their blood, and feel the fury of thy festering fang?—Prithee, thou jocund bowman of the woods, youthful concomitant of Dian's train, for such thy garb and looks may well beseem, why art thou here with musty rogues forlorn, in durance vile and carceration close? Speak, that mine ear may drink intelligence."

'Although Jocelyn understood very little of this rhapsodical fustian, except the familiar *sobriquet* applied to the protector, he gathered enough of its general purport to reply, as he had done to the gaoler's wife, that he was imprisoned for being the son of a royalist. "Ha! say'st thou so, my juvenilian bold, of Carolinian block the loyal chip, then are we links of the same rueful chain, concatenate in one Cromwellian doom, participants in protectorial hate." So saying, the player held out his hand, received Jocelyn's in its palm, shook it with prodigious energy, and again putting himself in an heroic attitude, spouted to his companion—"Rookwood! once peerless on the busked board, of voice altisonant and stately stalk, be not so tristful, saturnine, and sad. Cheer up, my Pythias! Look on the lineaments of this fair youth, for female character most apt. Will he not serve to perfect our dram: pers: and help us act?"

'Rookwood looked in Jocelyn's face at this obscure intimation, that he might enable them to execute their long-cherished object of getting up a play in the prison, by taking the heroine's part, then commonly performed by youths; and as he observed how expressly he seemed formed to supply this desideratum, he gave an approving nod, and puffed out the smoke with a complacent whiff.—

"Said I not sooth, Rookwoodian Roscius?"

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continued the spouter—"Play will we have, though gaolers frown like fate, and locks, bolts, bars, and chains, our limbs immure.—Ay, and ere long, when Noll is nullified, Blackfriars and the Globe again shall ope their doors theoretic to admiring crowds."—Rookwood shook his head despondingly—"Miscreant! they shall," resumed the pomposus Pickering. "Curtains shall rise, and prompters' bells shall ring: shouts shall be heard as we advance amid an amphitheatre of eager eyes. Then shall my Rookwood be himself again, with casque and plume and harness on his back, grasping his sword as Macbeth, while I, as Macduff, shall exclaim—

"Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.  
We'll have thee as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,—  
*Here you may see the tyrant.*"

The court of Charles the Second is admirably described—perhaps too correctly, for it is not easy to record the sayings and exploits of men like Charles and Rochester, and yet keep within the bounds of decorum. We shall, however, quote one extract as part of the amusements of the court theatre:—

"The mummery usually enacted at these entertainments was now beginning. Killigrew having dressed himself up as a Quaker, went about denouncing the vices of the court, and prognosticating the most dreadful calamities in consequence, such as a stoppage to the supply of canary, claret, and muscadel for the men; of Flander's lace, French gloves, Spanish rouge, and Dutch sprunking-glasses for the ladies; together with a general mortality among lap-dogs, monkeys, and parroquets, pimps, pandars, and parasites; whereby the recreation and occupation of all ranks and sexes at Whitehall were likely to be annihilated.

"What news, friend, in the city?" inquired the king, as he came up.

"Worse and worse, friend," replied Killigrew, as if he were addressing a stranger. "All going to rack and ruin; commerce declining, confidence destroyed, incapable ministers, a pleasure-loving king, a discontented nation. And yet there is one good, honest, able man in the country, who, if he could be prevailed upon to undertake the management of affairs, and look to every thing himself, would speedily redeem all."

"'Ods fish!' cried the king, "he must be a spruce and stirring blade, and it would like me well to know the name of such a phoenix."

"His name," continued Killigrew, very seriously, "is Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in kissing and courting, in toying and tippling; but who has talents to perform all that I have said, if he would only devote himself to the undertaking."

"Tush, friend!" replied the king, "what can you expect from one who associates with such a deboshed, idle, and rakehell fellow as Tom Killigrew?"

"That he should laugh at him when he plays the fool, and endeavour to profit by him when he acts the Mentor," said Killi-

grew; and immediately moved off to another part of the apartment.

Mr. Smith introduces several curious notes, which show that he is well acquainted with the history of the period to which the novel relates. One of those notes we insert; it is an epitaph on the factious puritan, John Lilburne:—

"On the death of this turbulent and refractory enthusiast, which occurred soon afterwards, there appeared the following epigrammatic epitaph:—

"Is John departed, and is Lilburne gone?  
Farewell to both, to Lilburne and to John!  
Yet being gone, take this advice from me,  
Let them not *both* in one grave buried be.  
Here lay ye John; lay Lilburne hereabout;  
For if they both should meet, they would fall out."

This alludes to a saying, that John Lilburne was so quarrelsome, that if he were the only man in the world, John would quarrel with Lilburne and Lilburne with John.

We must repeat, that many of the characters are extremely well drawn, and that the novel displays a knowledge of human nature and an acquaintance with history, which may be turned to good account in future productions.

*The Cook and Housewife's Manual; containing the most Approved Modern Receipts for Making Soups, Gravies, Sauces, Ragouts, and Made-Dishes; and for Pies, Puddings, Pastry, Pickles, and Preserves: also for Baking, Brewing, Making Home-made Wines, Ciderials, &c. The whole illustrated by Numerous Notes, and Practical Observations, on all the Various Branches of Domestic Economy.* By Mrs. MARGARET DODS, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's. 12mo. pp. 366. Edinburgh, 1826.

UNTIL the time of Dr. Kitchener, our cookery books were as dull as a law book and as formal as a pharmacopœia; the doctor, however, contrived to transfer a little of the humour of the dining-room to the kitchen, to mingle mirth with made-dishes, and engrave jokes on jugged hare and jellies. By this means, he enabled his readers at the same time to excite a bodily, and gratify a mental appetite, and find amusement in a class of works formerly as destitute of it as a Price Current or a London Directory. The doctor, however, was a little too discursive; but no matter, for we should be ungrateful for all the tit-bits he has taught the cook to pamper our appetite with, did we become hypercritical.

Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum, is a chip of the same block as the worthy doctor, who, we are sure, will avail himself of the first opportunity he can be spared from his professional duties, to visit the land of cakes, and take up his residence at the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's, which, as our readers will remember, has been celebrated for its good cheer by the author of Waverley, in his novel of St. Ronan's Well.

In a well-written introduction to this volume which is a good imitation of the Scottish novels, we are told that Peregrine Touchwood, Esq., the Cleikum nabob, still remain-

ed at Mrs. Dods, whither some of the other characters mentioned in the novel were visitors, and it was resolved to form a society, to be called the Cleikum Club; a correspondence with gourmands was commenced, and every thing done to ensure good eating. At the Inn comes a Dr. Redgill, an epicure, who gave readily into the plan, and Touchwood read a lecture on gastronomy, from which we shall make an extract:—

*Gentlemen,—Man is a cooking animal; and in whatever situation he is found, it may be assumed as an axiom, that his progress in civilization has kept exact pace with the degree of refinement he has attained in the science of gastronomy. From the hairy man of the woods, gentlemen, digging his roots with his claws, to the refined banquet of the Greek, or the sumptuous entertainment of the Roman; from the ferocious hunter, gnawing the half-broiled bloody collop, torn from the still reeking carcass, to the modern *gourmet*, apportioning his ingredients, and blending his essences, the chain is complete!*

*First, We have the brutalized digger of roots;*

*then the sly entraper of the finny tribes;*

*and next the fierce foul feeder, devouring his ensnared prey, fat, blood, and muscle!*

[“What a style o’ language!” whispered Mrs. Dods; “but I maun look after the scouring o’ the kettles.”]

The next age of cookery, gentlemen, may be called the pastoral, as the last was that of the hunter. Here we have simple, mild broths, seasoned, perhaps, with herbs of the field; decoctions of pulse; barley-cake, and the kid seethed in milk. I pass over the ages of Rome and Greece, and confine myself to the Gothic and Celtic tribes, among whom gradually emerged what I call the chivalrous or feudal age of cookery,—the wild boar roasted whole, the stately crane, the lordly swan, the full plumaged peacock, borne into the feudal hall by troops of vassals, to the flourish of trumpets, warlike instruments, marrow-bones and cleavers. (“Bravo!” cried Jekyl.)—Cookery, as a domestic art, contributing to the comfort and luxury of private life, had made considerable progress in England before the Reformation; which event threw it back some centuries. We find the writers of those ages making large account of an art, from which common sense, in all countries, borrows its most striking illustrations and analogies.

[“Only hear till him!” whispered Meg.]

The ambitious man seeks to rule the roast;—the meddling person likes to have a finger in the pie;—meat and mass hinder no business;—the rash man gets into

a stew, and cooks himself a pretty mess;—a half-loaf is better than no bread;—there goes reason to the roasting of an egg;—fools make feasts, and wise men eat them;—the churl invites a guest, and sticks him with the spit;—the belly is every man’s master;—he who will not fight for his meat, what will he fight for?—a hungry man is an angry man;—its ill talking between a full man and a fasting; and, finally, it is the main business of every man’s life to make the pot boil; or, as the Scots more emphatically have it, “to make the pat play brown,” which a lean pot never will do.

"And that's as true," said Meg. "A fat pat boiling, popples and glances on the tap, like as mony brown lammer-beads."

"Hush!—The science, as we noticed, gentlemen, had made considerable advances in England, when the Reformation not only arrested its progress, but threatened for ever to extinguish the culinary fire. Gastronomy, violently expelled from monasteries and colleges, found no sanctuary either in the riotous household of the jolly cavalier, or in the gloomy abode of the lank, pinched-visaged round-head; the latter, as the poet has it, eager to—

"Fall out with mince-meat, and disparage His best and dearest friend, plum-porridge: the former broaching his hogshead of October, and roasting a whole ox, in the exercise of a hospitality far more liberal than elegant

"But, gentlemen, the genial spark was still secretly cherished in our seats of learning. Oxford watched over the culinary flame with zeal proportioned to the importance of the trust. From this altar were rekindled the culinary fires of episcopal palaces, which had smouldered for a time. Gastronomy once more raised her parsley-wreathed front in Britain; and daily gained an increase of devoted, if not yet enlightened worshippers."

"Ay, that will suffice for a general view of the subject," cried Dr. Redgill; "let us now get to the practical part of the science,—arrange the dinners,—'the proof of the pudding is the eating.'"

Of the lectures of Touchwood a syllabus is only given, and then comes the collection of receipts, which are interspersed with many quaint remarks and amusing notes. Our readers must not, however, think, that in the attempt to render a cookery-book 'light-reading,' there has been any want of attention to the more important part of the subject; on the contrary, the work appears to us an excellent Cook and Housewife's Manual. The receipts are very numerous—many of them are original, and we are assured they have all stood the test of experiment among skilful cooks and intelligent mistresses of families.'

This work embraces the whole *rationale* of the kitchen and the dining room; and contains directions for carving; bills of fare; instructions for setting out the table, with receipts for making Scotch national dishes; instructions for roasting, boiling, stewing, frying, &c., and for making all sorts of dishes and things connected with the culinary art. In a volume so diversified, we are as much at a loss where to make an extract, as we should be to make a dinner, were all the dishes it describes placed before us. We shall, however, begin with some of the Scotch national dishes: to wit the following:—

*Hotch-Potch.*—Make the stock of sweet fresh mutton. Cut down four pounds of ribs of lamb into small steaks, and put them to the strained stock. Grate two or three large carrots; slice down as many more. Slice down also young turnips, young onions, lettuce, and parsley. Have a full quart of these things when shred, and another of young green peas. Put in the vegetables, withholding half the peas till near the end of

the process. Boil well, and skim carefully; add the remaining peas, white pepper, and salt; and, when enough done, serve the steaks in the tureen with the hotch-potch.

*Obs.*—The excellence of this favourite dish, depends mainly on the meat being perfectly fresh, and the vegetables being all young, and full of sweet juices. The sweet white turnip is best for hotch-potch, or the small, round, smooth-grained yellow kind peculiar to Scotland. Mutton makes excellent hotch-potch without any lamb-steaks. Parsley shred, white cabbage, or lettuce, may be added to the other vegetables, or not, at pleasure.'

*Minced Collops.*—Mince a fleshy piece of beef, free of skins and gristles, very fine, and season it with salt and mixed spices,—that is, kitchen-pepper. Mix up the collops with a little water or broth; and, having browned some butter in a saucepan, put them to it, and beat them with an iron or wooden spoon to keep them from going into lumps, till they are nearly ready. Put some gravy to them, or a little broth, made of the skins and gristles.

*Obs.*—Shred onions will be relished by some persons; also a little plain mustard: pickles, or vinegar, plain or compound, is also used. Minced collops will keep some time, if packed in a can and covered like potted meats. Some cooks scape the meat instead of mincing it.

Hare, venison, and veal collops, are made as above, using the seasonings appropriate to those meats.'

Of the amusing character of some of the notes, the following is a specimen:—

"It is related that Fuseli, the celebrated artist, when he wished to summon Nightmare, and bid her sit for her picture, or any other grotesque or horrible imaginings, would prime himself for the feat by supping on about three pounds of half-dressed pork chops.

"Though that accommodating prince, Richard Cœur de Lion, could, as has been seen, eat any thing, all being fish that came in the net when he was hungry, he had, like other epicures, his favourite dish, and this was Porkified Saracen, curried. On recovering in Syria from an ague, his first violent longing was for pork, which is said to approach nearer to human flesh than any other sort of meat. Pork is, indeed, a 'passionate' food. It tolerates no medium. It must be idolized or detested, whether as flitch or gammon, souce or sausage, brawn or griskin. In Syria, where swine's flesh is abhorred, it was not easy to satisfy the longing of the king. But no man durst tell him that pork could not be got for love or money; and in this extremity an old knight, so much of a courtier as to know that a king's longings are not to be crossed with impunity, counselled thus:—

"Take a Saracen, young and fat;  
In haste let the thief be slain,  
Opened, and his skin off flayn;  
And sodden, full hastily,  
With powder and with spicery,  
And with saffron of good colour.

"When he, (the king,) has a good taste,  
And eaten well a good repast,  
And supped of the brewis a sup,  
Slept after, and swet a drop,  
Through Godis help and my counsal  
Soon he shall be fresh and hail."

"As the old knight counselled it was done.  
Richard supped the broth, and eat the flesh  
of the Saracen faster than his carver could  
supply him, drank wine, slept, and on wak-  
ing felt appetized, and called for

"The head of that ilk swine  
That I of ate."

"The cook was, it may be supposed, in  
great consternation at this demand, but was  
soon relieved by the good humour of his  
royal master.

"The swarte ris whien the king seeth,  
His black beard and white teeth,  
How his lippes grinned wide,  
What devil is this?" the king cried,  
And gan to laugh as he were wode.  
"What! is Saracen's flesh thus good?  
That, never erst, I nought wist!  
By Godes death, and his up-rist,  
Shall we never die for default,  
While we may in any assault,  
Slee Saracens, the flesh may take,  
And seethen, rosten, stew, and bake?"

*Romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.*

We shall not make any more extracts; but confidently recommend the Cook and Housewife's Manual to all mistresses of families, and, in short, to all whom it may concern, and that is no small number, of his majesty's liege subjects. We ought to add, that in the receipts a due regard is had to economy.

#### ANDERSON'S MISSION TO THE EAST COAST OF SUMATRA.

(Concluded from p 180.)

In resuming our notice of this volume, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that its journal-like form is not favourable for quoting, though it gives a peculiar interest to the narrative. Mr. Anderson had many opportunities of observing how convinced the chiefs of Sumatra were of the superior integrity of the English over the Dutch: 'How,' said a rājah, 'can a treaty with the English be broken?' In a visit to the Tuanko Pangiran, our author says:—

"The Pangiran did not meet the Dutch lately, being in the interior of the country: and it was against his wishes that any treaty should have been made with them. He says, if the Dutch come to Siack, he will instantly quit the country. He was careful in speaking to me, and looked around him suspiciously, to ascertain who was present. He said, in going across the river, 'Anderson, hoist the English colours here at once, and remain here. This is the only way of saving the country from impending ruin.' I replied, that I had no authority to do any thing of this kind, and explained that it was not the policy of the government to extend its possessions, but merely to give assistance and protection to the merchants of Pinang, and to secure a fair and equitable participation in the trade."

"The Pangiran is a sensible, well informed man. He is well instructed in the history of the principal European states, and in the

condition of the British possessions in India, and surprised me by his remarks upon Bonaparte, whose character he seemed correctly to appreciate. He showed me with particular delight a ring, which the late Earl of Minto had taken from his own finger, and put upon his, and other tokens of friendship from Lord Exmouth, Admiral Drury, and other distinguished characters who were in this quarter some years ago.

'At three o'clock the Pangiran came on board, by special invitation, to pay me a visit of ceremony, superbly dressed in silk, covered with gold lace; his son, an interesting and handsome youth of sixteen, and his two nephews, accompanying him. Saluted him with seven guns. He was anxious to have had an hour's private conversation, but we were interrupted by the arrival of numerous visitors, who crowded the decks of our small vessel. The Rajah Muda of Beelah had been sent over as a spy upon the Pangiran's conversation, when we crossed the river, after the conference with the rajah.

'Shek Abdulla, the rich merchant before mentioned, his son, and several well-dressed Arabs and chiefs, came on board, and detained me in conversation till four o'clock. I had been the means, a few years ago, of saving a very valuable vessel and cargo belonging to this man. The cargo was worth 20,000 dollars, consisting of coarse Madras blue cloths, European chintzes, gold thread, raw silk, sticklac, iron, and salt. The vessel grounded on a sand-bank at the south end of Pulo Jerayah, and being out boat sailing, I accidentally fell in with her. I immediately proceeded to town, and brought six large cargo boats, cables, and an anchor, kindly supplied by Mr. Wright, and after two days' exertion, got her off, and saved the vessel and cargo. I also lent them 100 dollars to pay the boat hire, &c. which was punctually repaid by a remittance in gold-dust. This man mentioned the circumstance to the king, and publicly thanked me to-day before all the assembled chiefs: so much was this little act of common humanity and attention prized by these people, who certainly possess the virtue of gratitude in an eminent degree. I believe I owe, in a good degree, the success which attended my mission, and the hospitable reception I met with at Siack, to this circumstance.

'The greatest surprise was expressed by all the chiefs, by the king in particular, on being informed that I had penetrated into the Battu country. He said, addressing the surrounding multitude, "Ah! this is the way the English manage: the Dutch dared not do this." Even many of the old chiefs who were present, and had been engaged in the wars at Assahan, Delli, and other places conquered by the rajah of Siack, had never ascended so far as I did, and made very particular inquiries relative to the population of the Battu states, &c. The rajah asked me if I was not afraid. I replied that I was rather a predestinarian, and that there was a time appointed for all to die; that as I went with pacific intentions, and merely to devise means for improving the commerce and condition of the countries I visited, I felt no apprehen-

sions, conscious that my motives only required to be known to be appreciated; and that, being fond of travelling, I wished also to satisfy a rational curiosity.

'The king, in the course of conversation, asked my opinion of the seizure of the regalia of Rho by the Dutch. I said I knew little about the matter. He then informed me what the general opinion amongst the Malays was, viz. that it was a robbery, and unbecoming the dignity of any government. He said that Mr. Tyssen, the late governor of Malacca, died shortly after his journey to Rho, which the Malays consider as a just punishment for the seizure of the regalia from the late queen. It was further asserted by the people of Siack, that Mr. Tyssen was seized with a sort of stupor or delirium, the moment the regalia came into his possession. He called the doctor to feel his pulse; the doctor assured him that nothing ailed him. The Pangiran informed me, that he understood Mrs. Tyssen had caused her husband to be opened, and seven small stones were found on his left side. Such is the history of Mr. Tyssen's death. The Malays at Siack, and every place I visited, appear to be much incensed at this act; and if the same feeling prevails in other quarters, the Dutch interests must suffer materially by this outrage. In justice, however, to the character of one for whom I entertained the highest respect, and whose hospitality was unbounded, I must express my disbelief that Mr. Tyssen could in any case have departed from the strict line of propriety and duty, or that he would have taken any step to which he was not positively directed by higher authority.

'Late in the afternoon, the four datus sent me a message, that they wished to see me ashore. I was received by them at the house of the head datu, with every possible demonstration of respect. They interrogated me particularly as to the precise objects of the mission. We had a long argument upon the treaty which was made a few years ago. The datus mentioned some anecdotes of the harsh conduct of the Dutch in former times, when that nation had a settlement at Pulo Guntong, from which they were expelled. One of them showed me a kris, with which his great-grandfather had killed a great number of the Dutch on that occasion, being one of the four datus who commenced the slaughter with Rajah Buang. He pretended to show me some of the blood of the unfortunate Dutchmen still upon it. They all expressed their anxiety that Malacca should be again under the English government, and dwelt upon the advantages they enjoyed, and facilities of commerce under the mild and benevolent government of Colonel Farquhar, who was so many years resident at that station, and who is so deservedly esteemed in all the surrounding Malayan countries.

'I purchased a variety of specimens of the elegant silk and gold cloths of the country, which are even finer and more splendid than those of Batubara.'

At a dinner-party at the house of this Pangiran.—

'Music was introduced. A young Malay girl sung well. She was the Catalani of the

place, and had a very powerful and melodious voice. A violin and several drums composed the band. The Pangiran is fond of collecting curiosities. He has several small ponds filled with fish of all kinds, which he regularly feeds; and he can always command a supply for his table. He has a collection of handsome and curious creeses, swords, and arms of all sorts. He is also particular in keeping a fine breed of game-cocks. He was partial to the amusement of cock-fighting in his youth, and used to stake large sums; but all these gambling practices he has abandoned. He gave me, in exchange for some presents, a pair of game-cocks, a civet-cat, and a goat, celebrated, as he informed me, for fighting. He has some fine little dogs, which are amazingly swift, and catch great numbers of deer. A single dog caught one while we were with him, which required eight men to carry it. They seize the deer by the throat, and soon kill it.'

The first part of Mr. Anderson's work is his journal; the second is a history and description of Sumatra, in which there is a good deal of information as to the produce, manufactures, commerce, &c., of the country; for these we must refer to the work itself, and shall, therefore, select a few passages of more general interest. Of the inhabitants of Sumatra, Mr. A. says:—

'The Malayan inhabitants are of a dark yellowish complexion, stout in general, their limbs well shaped, their persons upright, and they walk rather gracefully. They are low in stature. The men wear their hair long, and their teeth are filed when young, having a jet black glossy appearance. The men pluck the hair from their chins, very few having the smallest appearance of beards. The women are fair, with dark expressive eyes; but their ears are disfigured by large holes, into which rings of an immense size are introduced; the poorer classes contenting themselves with a ring of wood, or a piece of plantain leaf rolled up, which fills the aperture. The richer classes who can afford it, wear very handsome rings of gold filagre.'

'The men are usually dressed in short baboos, or jackets, of European chintz or white cloth, with Achenese serawels or trowsers, a Buggese sarong or tartan petticoat, and on their head a batik or European handkerchief. A handkerchief which contains their betel and sere, is usually hung over their shoulder, and a kris fastened on the left side. The women wear long bajoes of blue or white cloth or chintz, with a cotton or silk sarong. The hair is neatly fastened by long gold, silver, or copper pins, according to their rank. The higher order, in addition to the dress I have described, wear a belt or zone of silk or other cloth, fastened round the waist with a gold binding, and a handkerchief slung over the left shoulder.'

Of some of their customs, laws, &c., we are told:—

'The marriage and other ceremonies here are much the same as in other Malayan countries. Any man who can afford to support them, may have four wives. If one is cast off from misconduct or barrenness, he may supply her place by another. There

no limitation to the number of concubines. The Rajah Sebaya Lingah, the Battah chief, has a wife in every direction, in the country, and concubines innumerable.

'The crime of adultery is punishable by the death of both parties.' The power of the chief indeed, in almost all cases, is quite absolute. The young sultan, not long since, ordered two men to be stabbed, because they were tardy in following him upon some excursion. It is to be lamented that so much power is given to youth.

The Orang Kaya Soonghal some time ago took an account of his money, by measuring it in a ganton measure, instead of taking the trouble of counting it. A Malay, however, is reckoned rich here when he has amassed two thousand dollars; for their excessive indolence prevents them from collecting much money. The seafaring people work perhaps a few months in the year, making a voyage or two to Pinang, and spend the rest of their time in indolence. They lay out large sums in marriage feasts, jewellery, and ornaments for their wives and children; also in gold betel-boxes, swords, and creases mounted with gold. Their household furniture does not cost much. The Battas, on the other hand, are extremely penurious and saving; and being industrious at the same time, they accumulate large sums, and make no show. The moment a Malay becomes possessed of a little money, he entertains as many attendants as he can, and he is accounted rich or respectable according to the number of his followers.'

To this interesting work, which is enriched with numerous lithographed engravings, the author has added an appendix, principally of official reports by previous travellers; from one of these we select the following account of the town of Jambi:—

'The town of Jambi is about three quarters of a mile in extent on both banks of the river, to which it is nearly confined, the natives occupying the whole of the right bank; and the few Arabs and other strangers who are settled there, a part of the left. Many of the houses, especially those of the Arab Kampong, are sided and partitioned in a neat manner with planks, and roofed with tiles, (shaped with a waving line crossways,) of excellent manufacture. A few are covered with a thatch of gomutee, which forms a durable roof; and some have their sides constructed of large thick pieces of bark; but the greater part are huts of mat and arattaps, built upon posts in the usual Malayan style. Besides those descriptions of buildings, there is also a number of houses upon rafts of huge trunks of trees, clumsily put together, which, during the periodical swelling of the river, are afloat and moveable; but in the dry seasons are generally, especially the larger ones, lodged on a sandy flat, which become dry, and confines the stream on the right. There is also a number of little rafts supporting a small hut, attached to the letter class of houses, and used for the convenience of bathing, of which the women in particular seem to be very fond. In fact, there is an appearance of cleanliness in the persons and houses of the inhabitants, rather

unusual in Malayan towns. They have a mosque, but it is in a neglected and ruinous condition. A burying ground about three-quarters of a mile below the town, appears to claim more attention; many of the tombs are carved and gilded, and enclosed by a tiled building.

'At the entrance of the mosque was deposited a defaced Hindoo image, which led to inquiries that terminated in the discovery of several others. The figure carved in relief, on a stone about five feet in length, was that of a human being in a sitting posture, with a high ornamented head-dress, and a circular hood-like tablet behind the head. The arm was broken off, and the whole figure worn into a confused and indistinct mass; but a well executed order of foliage round the edge of the stone, being less in relief, remained more perfect and well defined. The other images were, first, the statue of a man, the arms broken off, about five feet high, in an erect posture. The head was rather large, and the hips being full, swelling, and smoothly rounded, had a somewhat feminine appearance, but in other respects the proportions were remarkably good. About the waist and ankles there was an unevenness, the remains probably of a girdle and bangles. The features were defaced, but appeared to have been broad and flat, and the hair was curly, in little round knobs, and formed into a top-knot. Second—Four figures representing an elephant's head with tusks, the trunk curled upwards and backwards, and adorned longitudinally with a string of flowers, and the jaws widely distended, enclosing a curly-headed male figure, having bangles on his legs, in an erect attitude within them. These seemed to occupy their original situation in the skirts of the town; but no ruins were seen near them. The others were found in different places, whither they had been carried. Third—A bull about half the natural size, kneeling, the body and neck adorned with wreaths of bell-shaped flowers, with a bell suspended at the chest. The head and a greater part of the neck of this figure were broken off; but the remaining part was remarkably well proportioned and executed. The natives have no idea of the origin of these images, but call them chess-men, (buah chatoor,) of the giants or genii; nor could they point out the ruins of the temple to which they must have belonged, though the former existence of one of considerable dimensions is indicated by a number of stone slabs and carved ornaments, converted to various purposes in different parts of the town. The material, a dark coloured fine grained granite, is not found within a considerable distance of Jambi, probably not nearer than the central chain of mountains. The population of Jambi is at the utmost four thousand, of which a very great proportion are women and children. It is almost entirely Malayan; but there are a few Javans and persons of Arab descent. There were formerly some Chinese settlers, but none at present. The situation of the town is agreeable, dry, and healthy. By a mean of double altitudes, it is in latitude  $1^{\circ} 32' \frac{1}{2}$  south, and its longitude, not accurately ascertained, is fifteen miles

west from the river's mouth, from which (with reference always to the Kwalla Nior,) it is distant by the line of the river eighty-three miles.'

The extreme modesty of Mr. Anderson's narrative, which must be obvious to every person who reads it, enhances its value, and we certainly consider his work as an important contribution towards the history and description of the eastern world.

#### LETTER AND CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON.

JOE MILLER, and he is as good an authority as one half of our modern tale-mongers, relates of a journeyman bricklayer, that being asked by the owner of a house, where he was employed, 'when the work would be finished?' he replied, 'that if his master got another job, they would have done in a week, but if he did not, God only knew when their present business would be ended.'

Just so is it with Lord Byron—the persons who live by working on his fame and character, not having met with any new employment to occupy them and the public, still linger over his lordship; and we have memoirs, anecdotes, letters, characters, &c., of his lordship, without ceasing. One of the last of these is a Fragment of a Journey to Italy, in 1823, by M. J. Coulmann, lately published in a French periodical journal.

M. Coulmann tells us that he went to Italy on purpose to see Lord Byron, in the spring of 1823, and that on arriving at Genoa, he wrote to state his desire to his lordship, observing, that he had no other claim to be admitted to his presence than the admiration he felt for his genius. To this note his lordship, who appears to have been caught in a good humour, not only wrote a letter in Italian, but even sealed it with his arms; and those arms, as we are gravely assured, bore the motto—*Crede Byron*. This note, M. Coulmann says, was as follows:—

'Sir,—It will be very agreeable to me to make your acquaintance, but I regret exceedingly to tell you, that not being in the habit of speaking or writing French, I shall not be able to profit by all the advantages of your conversation, nor reply to you in that language. If, notwithstanding this, my declaration does not frighten you, I shall be charmed to receive your visit to-morrow at two o'clock. Receive the sentiments of esteem which you inspire me with, and with which I have the honour to be your very humble and obedient servant,

'NOEL BYRON, Peer of England.'

Now, if this note is genuine, which we are much inclined to doubt, Lord Byron must have thought his new admirer a very ignorant fellow, when he deemed it necessary to tell him he was a peer of England; there is something very un-English and very Frenchified in this note, and quite unlike the blunt sincerity of Byron, who would never have told an inquisitive idler, like M. Coulmann, that he had inspired him with sentiments of esteem; Byron was not hypocrite enough for this, and his friendships were not made at first sight, much less without any sight at all. M. Coulmann next relates how

he kept the appointed hour, how he found his lordship playing at billiards with Count Giuliano, and then went into a library, where he saw a young man with an old beard, in Oriental costume, and was received throughout in the kindest manner,—though his lordship's trousers, being like two French towns, Toulon, (too long,) and Thoulouse, (too loose,) prevented him from seeing that one of the noble bard's feet was deformed. M. Coulmann's account of his reception by his lordship is quite theatrical:—‘With me,’ he says, ‘a young Frenchman, loving and cultivating letters, I cannot describe how much of grace, *coquetry*, and *abandon*, he threw into his manners and conversation. He seemed to wish to disabuse in my person my compatriots, whom so many calumnies of various kinds might have imbued with prejudices against the *author of the Vampire*, and upon whose good opinion he set so high a price. “He has been described to you as a bear, as a monster,” said the person who was present at our conversation, “but you now see him and hear him,” and I immediately agreed from the bottom of my heart that it would be difficult for any one to be at the same time more sublime and more amiable.’

This is much more like a visit to a menagerie than an interview between two men of letters, and Byron here looks like some ‘rarer monster’ who is shown by a keeper. How well M. Coulmann is acquainted with the works of Byron and English literature, is evident from his attributing to his lordship the *Vampire*, which was written by Dr. Polidori. In the course of his interview with Mr. Coulmann, Lord Byron appears to have talked of ‘every thing in the world, and several other things beside;’ but we must leave M. Coulmann to narrate the remainder of the conversation in his own way. Byron, among a thousand other inquiries said—‘You come from Paris; did you see Thomas Moore there?’ Upon my answering in the affirmative, he said—‘a little man,’ and making a sign that he was *hump backed* (*un petit homme, faisant signe de la main qu'il était un peu bossu*). ‘Well, and what sensation did he make there?’ ‘Not as much as he ought to have made. His Irish melodies were listened to with pleasure as he sung, and accompanied them upon his guitar; but this was the extent of his success.’ Byron—‘*C'est qu'il était lu!* However, his poetry is admirable; and who are your present writers?’ ‘As a *publiciste*, Benjamin Constant.’ Byron—‘Benjamin Constant, without comparison. How goes on his *procès* and his legs? I saw him at Copet, with Madame de Staél, who spoke a great deal to me about him and his romance of Adolphe. Their friendship was a tempestuous one. Madame de Staél was charming at Copet; but in London she kept me once in a drawing-room for two hours listening to a moral lecture. She had in general the fault of usurping too much of the conversation.’ ‘You ought to know, my lord, one of our young poets who addressed an epistle to you, Lamartine.’ Byron—‘Yes, I read it in a Latin translation—he also treats me as a monster, but politely.’ ‘There are many stories of you abroad, because you

occupy the public mind. Walter Scott and you *faites fureur en France*.’ Byron—‘And how do they esteem Scott?’ ‘His novels are read by every one.’ Byron—‘The fact is they are excellent. I, who have been in Scotland, can judge of the exactitude of the descriptions and characters.’ ‘Our Boulevards are covered with his and your portraits, but it appears to me that he does not resemble his works.’ Byron—‘No—when he is silent; but when he speaks, his countenance assumes nobleness and expression—then you may recognise him. I have received a lithographic print from Paris, said to be my portrait; in which I am represented looking at the clouds with a very charming air. However, my likeness has been taken only by West, an American painter.’ I expressed my surprise that he had not had his bust made by Canova. Byron—‘Thorwaldsen has made one, which you will see at Rome. Do you admire pictures? As for me, I know not why, but I like only sculpture. But the arts in general have fallen very low in Italy; for six years I have been here I have not heard the name of a single painter of talent. This reminds me that Schlegel, before whom some one was praising Canova, said, *and my bust by Tieck, have you seen it?* Have you ever heard speak of Tieck?’ I told him what had happened to M. de Chateaubriand, whom the Queen of Sardinia thus addressed when he was presented to her—‘You are probably a relation of a M. de Chateaubriand who has written something.’

Byron.—‘I experienced nearly as stinging an affront in England. I found an article that I had purchased enveloped in a sheet of my own works. Chateaubriand is one of your first writers. Is he still composing *Martyrs*? and Jouy, where do you place him?’ ‘In the first rank of our prose writers and dramatic poets; with Raynouard, Arnault, Casimir de Lavigne, whose patriotic elegies you must know.’ Byron.—‘Ah! yes; is it not he who has said in a poem upon the Neapolitans, “On peut céder au nombre; oui, mais on meurt: adieu.” That is very fine.’ The praise of Lebrun’s dythirambe, upon the death of Napoleon, then succeeded. Byron.—‘There was an ode upon the same subject attributed to me in Paris; this was the more infamous, as the ode was wretched; but these things happen to me every day. Was there not a person who passed himself off as me during two months at Genoa? Apparently, it was more advantageous for him to assume my name, than for me to assume his; however, I pardoned him, since he has not been to my banker.’ ‘You know,’ said I, ‘the most illustrious of our *savans*, M. Cuvier, for you quote him in your note to Cain.’ Byron.—‘Certainly; remark that Cain is the poem which has brought upon me the greatest persecution in England, and in my own family; I composed it while I was drunk, (*Je l'ai composé étant ivre*.) When I read it afterwards, I was astonished myself.’ ‘Since that time,’ added Count Giuliano, ‘you see also,’ showing me two decanters that were upon the table, ‘that my lord drinks only water.’ Byron.—‘My best

friends are continually reproaching me with this work; he whom you see, as well as others. I shall, therefore, probably, write a retraction, one of these days, to secure my tranquillity; or, if I do not do it, it will be done for me; and M. Cuvier, does he believe, or does he protest against all religion?’ ‘Why,’ said I, ‘have you not come to Paris to judge for yourself of those things; and of the distinguished men that are there?’ Byron.—‘I passed close to it in 1815, but the whole of the Holy Alliance was then there, and I did not care about seeing them.’ The conversation then turned upon the adventure at Pisa. Lord Byron gave the details we already know, adding, according to M. Coulmann, that he offered to fight with the Austrian who had insulted him, saying, ‘As he was only a brigadier, the affair of honour would not have been very honourable.’

We perfectly agree with his lordship, that it would not. We cannot pursue this conversation farther, though we are near the end of it, for we have already quoted more than we can implicitly credit—the silly gossip about Moore and Benjamin Constant—the puff of M. Jouy,—the silly impertinence of Count Giuliano, (whose name is now, we believe, for the first time, associated with that of Byron)—all tend to strengthen our suspicion of the genuineness of this narrative. If, however, we are to believe M. Coulmann, he had gained the friendship of Lord Byron, who, he says, wrote a letter to him, of which the following is a copy:—

‘Genoa, 12th July, 1823.

‘My Dear Sir,—Your letter and what accompanied it, have given me the greatest pleasure. The glory and the works of the writers who have deigned to give me these volumes, bearing their names, were not unknown to me, but still it is more flattering to receive them from the authors themselves. I beg of you to present my thanks to each of them in particular; and to add how proud I am of their good opinion, and how charmed I shall be to cultivate their acquaintance, if ever the occasion should occur. The productions of M. Jouy have been a long time familiar to me. Who has not read and applauded *The Hermit* and *Sylla*! But I cannot accept what it has pleased your friends to call their *homage*, because there is no sovereign in the republic of letters; and if even there were, I have never had the pretension nor the power to become an usurper. I have also to return you thanks for having honoured me with your own compositions; I thought you too young, and, probably, too amiable, to be an author. As to the *Essay*, &c., I am obliged to you for the present, though I had already seen it, joined to the last edition of the translation. I have nothing to object to it, with regard to what concerns myself personally, though naturally there are some of the facts in it discoloured, and several errors, into which the author has been led by the accounts of others—I allude to facts, and, not criticisms. But the same author has cruelly calumniated my father and my grand-uncle, but more especially the former. So far from being ‘brutal,’ he was,

according to the testimony of all those who knew him, of an extremely amiable and (*enjoué*) joyous character, but careless (*insouciant*) and dissipated. He had, consequently, the reputation of a good officer, and showed himself such in the Guards, in America. The facts themselves refute the assertion—it is not by 'brutality' that a young officer in the Guards seduces and carries off a marchioness, and marries two heiresses. It is true that he was a very handsome man which goes a great way. His first wife, (Lady Conyers and Marchioness of Carmarthen,) did not die of grief, but of a malady which she caught by having imprudently insisted upon accompanying my father to a hunt, before she was completely recovered from the accouchement which gave birth to my sister Augusta. His second wife, my respectable mother, had, I assure you, too proud a spirit to bear with the ill-usage of any man, no matter who he might be; and this she would have soon proved. I should add, that she lived a long time at Paris, and was in habits of intimacy with the old Marshal Biron, commandant of the French Guards, who, from the similitude of names, and Norman origin of our family, supposed that there was some distant relationship between us. He died some years before the age of forty, and, whatever may have been his faults, they were certainly not those of harshness and grossness (*dureté et grossièreté*). If the notice should reach England, I am certain that the passage relative to my father will give much more pain to my sister, (the wife of Colonel Leigh, attached to the court of the late queen, *not* Caroline, but Charlotte, wife of George III.,) even than to me, and this she does not deserve, for there is not a more angelic being upon earth. Augusta and I have always loved the memory of our father as much as we loved each other; and this at least forms a presumption that the stain of harshness was not applicable to it. If he dissipated his fortune, that concerns us alone, for we are his heirs; and till we reproach him with it, I know no one else who has a right to do so. As to Lord Byron, who killed Mr. Chatsworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Stag-hounds after that event, and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse at having killed Mr. Chatsworth, who was a fire-eater, (*spadassin*), and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used upon that occasion in his bed-chamber, and where it still was when he died. It is singular enough, that, when very young, I formed a strong attachment for the grand-niece and heiress of Mr. Chatsworth, who stood in the same degree of relationship as myself to Lord Byron; and at one time it was thought that an union would have taken place. She was two years older than me, and we were very much together in our infancy. She married a man of an ancient and respectable family: but her marriage was not a happier one than my own. Her conduct, however, was irreproachable,

but there was no sympathy between their characters, and a separation took place. I had not seen her for many years when an occasion offered. I was upon the point, with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than any one else, persuaded me not to do it. "For," said she, "if you go, you will fall in love again, and then there will be a scene, one step will lead on to another, *et cela fera un éclat*," &c. I was guided by these reasons, and shortly after I married, with what success it is useless to say. Mrs. C., some time after, being separated from her husband, became insane; but she has since recovered her reason, and is, I believe, reconciled to her husband. This is a long letter, and principally about my family, but it is the fault of Mr. —— my benevolent biographer. He may say of me whatever of good or evil it pleases him, but I desire that he should speak of my relations only as they deserve. If you could find an occasion of making him, as well as Mr. Nodier, rectify the facts relative to my father, and publish them, you would do me a great service, for I cannot bear to have him unjustly spoken of. I must conclude abruptly, for I have occupied you too long. Believe me to be very much honoured by your esteem, and always your obliged and obedient servant,

NOEL BYRON.

'P. S. The tenth or twelfth of this month I shall embark for Greece. Should I return, I shall pass through Paris, and shall be much flattered in meeting you and your friends. Should I not return, give me as affectionate a place in your remembrance as possible.'

The idea of Byron being anxious to vindicate the memory of his ancestors from some misstatements of the French, which were never heard of on this side the channel, is a surd; besides, this letter, which we believe by no means correct as to facts, contains one serious blunder in the name of the person killed by the former Lord Byron, and that of the lady to whom the noble bard was attached; their name was Chaworth, not Chatsworth, as M. Coulmann makes Lord Byron write it. Now, this is a subject on which Byron could not err, and such a blunder is alone sufficient to throw discredit on the whole narrative, were it not even otherwise of very doubtful authenticity. We have, however, given a fair account of M. Coulmann's fragment, and leave our readers to believe as much or as little of it as they please.

#### ORIGINAL.

EXPOSTULATION FROM POET'S CORNER.

*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

'See the wide waste of all involving years,  
And Roine its own sad sepulchre appears.'

ADDISON.

SIR.—Think not that because our bodies are slumbering into dust and the memory of our terrestrial habitation is faded—think not that because the spirits of departed greatness have quitted your sphere of intellectuality, which is occupied by others *almost* as serviceable in the republic of letters and periodical usefulness, as when Spectators, Guardians, Idlers,

and Tattlers, illuminated the mental horizon, our season of repose and our privilege of inking retrospection is proscribed, since you are aware that the virtue of our bones will obtain admission into sepulchral hordes and cathedral theons without 'filthy lucre,' and that 'We so select in such pomp do lie, That even kings in such a tomb would wish to die.'—Milton.

We are not ashamed to acknowledge, that many an hour do we meet in midnight gloom, at glimmering moonlight, among the hallow'd consecrations of the abbey, when the noble votives of St. Stephen are hearing and cheering, to lament the evils which are continually narrowing our fune and annihilating the dearest hopes of living authors, by the stumbling blocks—the pounds, shillings, and pence. Though the sons of power have permitted this sacrifice upon our once fondest desires, posthumous popularity, our purgatory, or paradise; yet, sir, as an author, editor, a critic, reviewer, and gentleman, we solicit your endeavour in our behalf, that you will not lay your permanent 'grey goose quill' aside, till you have effectually succeeded in persuading those ecclesiastical worthies, our gaolers, to emancipate 'abbey slavery,' by giving more free, more frequent, and more general admission to our depositaries. If, sir, you doubt our unanimity upon this question, apply to the waxed effigies,—nay, ask Oliver Goldsmith's black gentleman, (not inviolably,) if we are not entitled to an universal inspection! All the strangers and sojourners here below, and also in Christendom, complain of the apparent neglect shown to their names, their fune, and reliques. The manes of all below, at this dim hour, are echoing from Solomon's porch to Poet's Corner, the dissatisfaction they feel by unmerited proscription, and are proposing to surround Mr. Hu ne, at Totthil Street, to take the members on the other side of the way, by phantasmagorial surprise. It is true, we were somewhat appeased by Mr. Peel's acknowledgment, rather in our favour, and by John Cam Hobhouse, our nominal political patron is our defender,—yet are we to be exhibited for filthy lucre? Honorable gentlemen should remember that they, as illustrious statesmen, may hereafter have stated monuments and privileged seats in the very nook of these our momentous cogitations.—If, brother editor, you are faint-hearted by your conceptions of our grisly re-appearances, we 'll invoke our kindred naval and literary allies, at St. Paul's, (who, by the way, are equally aggrieved,) to meet us, as St. Dunstan's clock strikes twelve, at Temple Bar, and loosen the powers of the two iron-tongued men—the wild beasts of Exeter 'Change to roar for us, and Gog and Magog descend to come from Guildhall, to keep the street-rattlers in awe. Even the late elephant's skeleton shall stalk before the procession, to frighten you and your colleagues into that frame of mind which must be exerted for us.

'Being glad to see that time survive,  
That merit is not sepulchred alive.'

*O rare Ben!*

Millions of the human race have passed

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away, yet never stood before our marble fabric, they not being able to open an account with the accountants of these aisles.

'Go to your lady's grave and call her thence,  
Or at the least in her's sepulchre thine.'

*Shakspeare*

If poets and statesmen thus expostulate with you and yours, we have the most rare and eminent sculptors and artists also, in 'masonry and eunninge workmanship,' in our cause. The hands that moved the chisel, and the eyes that directed the skill, are all against you. Kings, and queens too, have given us their audience and protection, let what will happen to us, by our venturing into your sinister world again; and the good old Edward has promised to be our confessor in his chapel, if we, like Homer's frogs, should attack the mice, which are keepers of the crannies of people's pockets, when they feel a desire to look at greatness subdued and everlasting mortality enshrined. We are aware, brother, that you often mention us in your pages, and give our names due honour in books. You are candid, too, by not intertering with a horde of pirates, that take great liberties, and translate us into other hands; for all this, we are but too grateful. We are not insensible to the craft, which new editions and prefaces, and all that, to sell us, is common among men; but so as we are read, we pardon the omissions and commissions used about us, from time to time. Finally, however, (if we are heard,) we do, one and all, plight our venerable shadows, our orgies, and our configurations, that, if you will 'render unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's,' you shall not have occasion of lamenting that you are read hebdomadally, and actually esteemed by your ghastly choice sprites in one sacred common fellowship.

*Noes Expos,* BEN JONSON,  
*Westmonas.* JACK GAY, and } Sub-Secs.  
MAT. PRIOR.

#### HARDSHIPS, NOT REWARDS, OF AN AUTHOR.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR.—The sensible remarks on the author of the 'Birth of Bruce,' in your 375th number, will be borne out to your numerous readers by the following facts.—

During the three years Mr. Campbell travelled in the northern parts of Scotland and Ireland, and by patient and laborious investigation and research succeeded in describing the hitherto unknown scenery of the poems of Ossian, and thus rendered the authenticity of these extraordinary poems beyond a doubt; in this service, besides the loss of time and labour, he sunk upwards of £1000. The work has been seven years before the public, and no person has yet arraigned the facts and proofs adduced by Mr. Campbell in establishing the authenticity of the long-doubted poems first given to the world by Macpherson, and placed between Homer and Virgil by Dr. Hugh Blair—the British Aristotle. Nor is it at all likely that his conclusions ever will be arraigned. Under such circumstances, the world will naturally conceive that Mr. Campbell has a right to some remuneration for his expenses and three years' labours—and he

has! but who is to reward him? The Highland Society, which had its origin in the Ossianic controversy, and was incorporated by act of parliament for the sole purpose of 'rescuing from oblivion, (the words of the preamble to the act,) the remains of Celtic Literature, &c.' do not recognise the valuable labours of Mr. Campbell! Their funds are generally applied to the purchase of new bagpipes which is no more the music of Scotland than of England—nor can it be traced three hundred years in the former, whilst we know, in the latter, Queen Elizabeth had two pipers in her establishment at £18 per annum.

Mr. Campbell has indeed had the pleasure of being elected a fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, on the nomination of one of the oldest and most honourable members of the Highland Society—Sir John Sinclair, Bart. General Stuart, of Garth, one of the most valued and useful members of the said Society, has also sympathised with the great hardships of Mr. Campbell; and when he was about to propose a vote of money in his favour, the object was overruled in the committee, and a very worthy man had £50 awarded to him for his collection of—what? Jacobite songs! Lords Argyle and Breadalbane, touched with the hardships of Mr. Campbell, wrote a joint letter, requesting the secretary of the Highland Society to lay Mr. Campbell's case before the next committee as one worthy of its notice: but the society was too poor, it had no funds! Encouraged by the high opinion of Sir Joseph Banks and other gentlemen of the old school, who recollect the Ossianic controversy, Mr. Campbell thought that his claims of £2000 on the Society might be established in a court of law, but Sir James Mackintosh truly told him, that how meritorious soever his labours might be, and his proofs of Ossian really were meritorious, yet, our courts of law had no means of knowing what did, or what did not, belong to Ossian and Celtic literature—consequently he could have no remedy, as an action would not lie on the case.

This, sir, would of itself be a sufficient cause to bear out your first observations in your review of the Birth of Bruce, were there no others, but Mr. Campbell has other sources of grief—read the accompanying list of his works\*, and then ask whether the labour, *sine merit*, was not sufficient to call forth at least *fair reviews*! But what is the fact? Critics have taken upon themselves to deal out damnation to his works upon their *dicta* alone, without adducing a single blemish to support their flats! and most assuredly never offering a single beauty to counteract the ruinous effects to the author!

\* Mr. Campbell is the topographer and illustrator of the Scenery of the Poems of Ossian—Author of a Life of Mary Queen of Scots—Author of the Birth of Bruce; and of Fruits of Faith—Compiler of the various Advocacy for and against Mary Queen of Scots.—Original and successful adviser of Lords Donegall and Belfast, in the Case leading to the New Marriage Act.—Author of the Case of Mary of Scotland and Queen Elizabeth, Legally and Historically stated: and of other works.

Was this just criticism? I appeal to you, sir, because your conduct has been the reverse of that described! Is this proper treatment 'for a man of talent and industry,' as you have described Mr. Campbell?

Yours truly, JUSTITIA.

#### CALCULATING BOY.

FROM the time of Jedediah Buxton, who counted how many words Garrick uttered in the play of Richard the Third, to our own times, there have been found a succession of mental calculators: the most remarkable of late years have been, George Bidder, the Devonshire boy; Zerah Colburn, an American youth; and a little girl, of the name of Haywood, (or Harwood,) the daughter of a poor weaver, in Spitalfields, who, some half dozen years ago, astonished the 'men of figures' in the city, by her arithmetical calculations.

There is now in the metropolis a fourth instance of the existence of mental precocity in the person of a mere child, scarcely six years of age, of the name of George Noakes, the uneducated son of parents moving, until very recently, in an humble sphere of life. From a scientific investigation of the extraordinary talent possessed by this infant, entered upon by several gentlemen of high character and attainments, it would seem that the wonderful gift of mental calculation has never been more developed than in the present case. For, in every instance of working an arithmetical question, this boy can, and most readily does, explain the method by which he has arrived at its solution.

At the examination referred to, a member of parliament asked the child 'the amount of 32,000 times 7½d.' To which, in about a minute, he replied, '£1000.' The method pursued in working the proposed question being inquired, the little fellow said, 'Why, 32,000 pence is £133. 6s 6d.; 7½ times £100 is £750; 7½ times £33. 6s 8d. is £250; and £750 and £250 is £1000.' He added—'And I can do it ten or twelve different ways;' and the following, (taken down at the time,) were then given by him at intervals of less than a minute:—

Second Method.—32,000 farthings is £13. 6s 8d., and 30 times £33. 6s. 8d. is £1000.

Third Method.—Thirty times 32,000 farthings is 960,000 farthings, and there are 960 farthings in one pound—so 960,000 farthings is £1000.

Fourth Method.—Thirty-two thousand times seven and a half is 240,000 pence; and as 240 pence is in one pound, 240,000 pence is £1000.

These methods he increased to the number of twelve, and some of them very ingenious. To us, however, the most obvious way of solving this question, and certainly it is more simple than those of Master Noakes, is thus:—32,000 sixpences are 16,000 shillings, or £800; 1½d. is the fourth of sixpence; and, consequently, 32,000 times 1½d. is £200; which, added to the £800, makes it £1000. Here are no fractional parts, but a plain, simple, and straight-forward method. We are aware, however, that these calculating ge-

nishes generally have a way of their own, and we recollect, some years ago, seeing a child not more than three or four years old, who would calculate the price of any quantity of grain, but he must always have the price fixed at so much per *half* bushel, and not bushel.

With regard to the child, Noakes, one instance of the singular decision of this mental phenomenon was given a few evenings since, on the agitation of an arithmetical puzzle:—we allude to the multiplication of £99 19s. 11*½*d. by £99 19s. 11*½*d. George, in answer, replied that, multiplying of £100 by £100, and deducting from the product 99 farthings, £9,999 17s. 11*½*d. would be given. He was informed that others had made it £9,999 15s. 10d. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘they took off the 100 farthings both ways, but that will not give the right answer.’

On this examination he gave several instances of the extreme tenacity of his memory in the power of working different problems at the same time, without the slightest appearance of confusion or annoyance.

The father states, that it is now about a twelvemonth since the boy first exhibited any signs of precocious talent; and that what first called his attention to that circumstance was, the pleasure with which George informed him that he could ‘count a thousand,’ and shortly afterwards that he knew how to count a million.

In person this child is rather diminutive, apparently delicate in his constitution, and extremely restless in manner. While ‘at work’ he is always ‘at play,’ running from one part of the room to another, directing his immediate attention, now to the latch of a door, then to the pattern of the carpet, and again to some other object of interest to all children of so tender an age.

#### NECROLOGY.

##### CHRISTOPHER HENRY KNIEP.

THE arts have lost a very able professor in the person of M. Kniep, who died at Naples, 1st July last, where, during the greater part of a long life, he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most tasteful landscape draftsmen and designers in Europe.

This artist was born at Hildesheim, in Lower Saxony, in 1748, and received the first instructions in his profession from a scene-painter at Hanover. He afterwards practised portrait-painting at Hamburg, where he formed an intimacy with many of the most celebrated literary characters of the time. Berlin, which was then the seat of the arts and muses, under the patronage of Frederick the Great, next attracted him; and here he obtained the notice and protection of the Prince Bishop of Ermeland, who afforded him the means of proceeding to Rome, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies. He now imagined that he should be able to devote himself to his art without hindrance, but very shortly after his arrival the news of his liberal patron's decease reached him, accompanied by an intimation that he must expect no further pecuniary aid from the family of his protector. Kniep thus saw himself compelled to labour for a mere

subsistence by making views and sketches, instead of being able to devote himself to the higher walks of art. In these circumstances he gladly availed himself of an offer to accompany a German of rank to Naples; but here again he was soon left to shift for himself. He, however, applied himself sedulously to the study of the beautiful scenery of the environs, and had also the good fortune to meet with the celebrated Tischbein, to whom he had previously been introduced at Cassel; and by him he was recommended to Goethe, who was about to make a tour in Sicily, and wanted a draftsman. He profited ably by the opportunity thus afforded him, and from the majestic ruins of ancient architecture in that island, acquired a grand taste for such objects, which enabled him to embellish his compositions with structures that imparted to them a particularly classical air. Perfectly well grounded in the theory both of architecture and perspective, he designed these accessories in the purest, and displayed them in the most picturesque manner; while he was at the same time peculiarly happy in every feature of landscape. His trees, rocks, water, figures, were all well characterised and admirably executed, with true feeling and taste. Nothing could excel the beauty of his foregrounds, in which every plant was distinctly made out and accurately touched; yet he never suffered minuteness of detail in this part of his picture either to degenerate into mechanical dryness, or to impair the general effect. His sepia drawings exhibit in every respect the hand of a master, and are worked up in the most astonishing manner. Hence they were eagerly sought after by connoisseurs, and found their way into many of the most select cabinets in Europe, where they obtained for the artist the character of the most correct and original landscape designer of the day.

Kniep was now entirely fixed at Naples, which he never afterwards quitted for a day, except when he made short excursions in the environs. Accustomed from his infancy to the strictest economy, he shortly found himself in comparative affluence, esteemed both for his character and talent, and admitted into the first society, where his cheerful and amiable disposition, and ready conversational abilities always caused him to be considered an acquisition. Kniep was never married; his art, to which he was most enthusiastically devoted, continued his sole mistress, yet he was not insensible to the charms of female society, and in his hours of relaxation enjoyed that of many of the most distinguished of the sex, among whom were the late Duchess of Saxe Weimar, Madame Von der Recke, Baroness Humboldt, &c.

During the latter part of his life he had not many commissions, for the times were too unpropitious to admit of due encouragement being extended to the fine arts; but he still continued to labour with the same zeal and assiduity till nearly the last, and left behind him a vast number of drawings and sketches, which, as he died without any will, or any relations to succeed to his property, have been deposited in the Royal Academy of Arts at Naples, where he had been ap-

pointed a professor a few years prior to his decease:—they form a collection unrivalled in its kind, and a noble monument of the artist's genius.

#### THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

[THE following memoir of the Bishop of Durham, who died on the 25th of March, is written by the Rev. Dr. Philpotts, who was for many years domestic chaplain to his lordship. It is due to the late venerable prelate to say, that flattering as the memoir may be, justice, rather than the partiality of friendship, appears to have guided the pen of Dr. Philpotts, in delineating the character of the bishop.]—ED.

SHUTE BARRINGTON, late bishop of Durham, was the fifth and youngest son of the first Viscount Barrington, being born the 26th of May, 1734, a few weeks only after the death of his father. After an education at Eton and Oxford, where he was for some years fellow of Merton College, he entered into holy orders, was appointed chaplain to King George II., and afterwards to his late majesty. In 1761, he was made canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and a few years afterwards residentiary of St. Paul's. This last mentioned preferment, the inability of Mrs. Barrington to bear the confined air of the house of residence, induced him, at a time when he could ill afford such a sacrifice in income, to exchange for a canonry at Windsor. He might, perhaps, residing in some other part of London, have contrived to present himself at the proper hours in his stall at the cathedral; but this, he felt, was not sufficient; and he would not permit himself to retain a station, of which he could not really and effectually discharge the duties.

In 1769, he was consecrated bishop of Llandaff, and continued in that see till 1783, when he was translated to Salisbury. In 1791, he succeeded Dr. Thomas Thurlow, in the opulent see of Durham.

The qualities of this distinguished prelate were such as will ever make his name renowned in the history of the English church. His learning was various, and extended through all the branches of knowledge connected with his profession. As a preacher, he was, in his day, of no mean order; and as a speaker in the House of Lords, he was always heard with attention and respect.

For his highest preferments he was mainly indebted to his own merit, and to the favour which that merit procured him with his late excellent majesty. In fact, although his first elevation to the bench was owing to the influence of his brother, Viscount Barrington, at that time secretary at war, yet his subsequent advancement was, in each instance, the act of the king himself. His translation to Salisbury, in particular, was contrary to the earnest and repeated instances of the minister of the day, the Earl of Shelburne, who was anxious to obtain that see for a political friend and partisan of his own, the late Bishop Hinchcliffe. His final promotion to the bishopric of Durham, was the unsolicited act of the same gracious and royal patron but not without the hearty concurrence of Mr. Pitt, who, in deference to the merits of Bishop Barrington, no less than to the wishes

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of his sovereign, was content to waive the pretensions of at least one candidate of powerful connections and high parliamentary interest.

The conduct of this prelate in the government of three dioceses in succession, during the long, perhaps unexampled, period of fifty-seven years, was marked by the most exemplary zeal, diligence, kindness, and discretion. In him the clerical delinquent never failed to find a vigilant and resolute assertor of the offended discipline of the church; while that most useful and meritorious of all characters, the faithful parish priest, was cheered by his favour, and rewarded by his patronage. As a patron, indeed, he stood pre-eminent. Never, perhaps, have the rich dignities and benefices in the gift of the see of Durham, been bestowed with so much attention to the claims of merit. It repeatedly happened, that his most opulent pre-ferments were conferred on persons utterly unknown to him, except by their characters and by their literary labours. The instance of Paley is one of several:—the first communication he ever received from Bishop Barrington, was the announcement of his appointment to the rich rectory of Bishop Wearmouth; and, we believe, the first time they ever saw each other, was when collation was given. The exercise of patronage was, indeed, uniformly regarded by him as involving duties of the most solemn and important kind; and it is a proof of the uncommon firmness, as well as integrity, of his mind, that although his life was protracted so far beyond the ordinary limits of mortal existence, he preserved himself to the last, unfettered by the ties of consanguinity, or personal favour, in the free exercise of this great trust.

How well he continued to discharge it, was evinced within a very few weeks before his death; when one of the most valuable of the stalls of Durham becoming vacant, he availed himself of the occasion to advance at once the three distinguished names of Gisborne, Sumner, and Gilly.

Next to the exemplary discharge of the duties of a patron, he was conspicuous in the eyes of the world by his princely munificence. There was no scheme of useful charity which had not his name among the foremost contributors: and there were even few institutions for the advancement of any object of public utility, particularly for the cultivation of the fine arts, of which he was not a generous supporter. But, large as were his acts of public munificence, they bore but a small proportion to the deeds of private unobtrusive charity, which were the daily occupation of his life. Unnumbered are the objects who were blessed by his bounty, and whose tears are now flowing in vain regret for the benefactor whom they have lost. His bounties, indeed, were of no ordinary kind. They were dispensed, on suitable occasions, with a liberality which not even his ample means could have enabled him to indulge, had it not been sustained by a just and exact economy. No one, perhaps, ever better understood the true value of money, or employed it more judiciously as the instrument of virtue.

In keeping up the state of his princely see, there was a sober magnificence, a decent splendour, which singularly befitted that solitary and graceful instance of a Protestant ecclesiastical lord. Those who have seen him preside at the assizes at Durham, cannot fail to have been struck with the happy union of the bishop and the nobleman, in the whole of his dignified deportment. But the same union, joined to the charms of the most winning courtesy, shed a grace and lustre over his ordinary manners, which secured to him the respect of all who approached him. Few men have so rarely experienced personal rudeness from any one.

Though for the last few years of his life he necessarily lived in a state of comparative retirement, yet almost to the last he was in the habit of frequently receiving at his table a few guests, rarely exceeding eight in number at a time. Those who have been of his parties, (and among them are included many of the most eminent in literature and science,) have never failed to come away impressed with admiration of the singular talents of their venerable host in leading the conversation of the day. Without effort, and without artifice, he had recourse to such topics as interested all, and yet drew forth in turn the peculiar talents of each. His own talk was cheerful, lively, and even humourous; but at the same time ever assuming a tone of manly indignation at the mention of a deed of wickedness, and of the warmest sympathy for unmerited distress. A religious spirit pervaded the whole, and he rarely omitted a fit occasion of quietly exciting similar feelings in the minds of those around him. Religion, indeed, was the great presiding principle of his mind. No man could be more uniformly sensible of the uncertainty of life, or made the consideration of it more constantly the monitor and guide of his actions. But his religion had in it nothing gloomy, nothing morose.

Though strongly and deeply impressed with a belief of the great articles of orthodox faith, he was eminently charitable in his judgment of all who differed from him. With pious Dissenters he lived on terms of mutual regard and respect; and he chose for his confidential lawyer the distinguished Roman Catholic barrister, Mr. Charles Butler, of Lincoln's Inn.

His bodily constitution was of uncommon firmness. He reached the great age of ninety-two with rare and light attacks of sickness; and when at length a stroke of paralysis, about five weeks ago, deprived him of the use of some of his members, he made such efforts towards recovery, that it appeared probable that his death might still be remote. Happily he had little or no bodily suffering; and his mind was unclouded almost to the last. That he contemplated his approaching end with resignation, and even with thankfulness for the absence of acute pain, is a particular which seems to follow, as of course, from the general tone and temper of his life.

He is gone—but his memory will long live. The force of his example cannot fail to influence those who shall survive, and, above all, those who shall succeed him. For generations to come, we might almost defy a

bishop of Durham to be sordid or illiberal. But can its influence stop there? Does not every bishop, and every man among us, feel how poor and worthless are the largest hoards of wealth, compared with the sweetness of such a good name as his? with ‘bags which wax not old—a treasure in the heavens which faileth not?’

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### SONG.

WHEN the sun has sunk to rest,  
When the dew is on each tree,  
When all is calm within my breast,  
Then, sweet maid, I'll haste to thee.  
When the moon, in all her splendour,  
Shines so bright o'er land and sea;  
And the stars, in all their grandeur,  
Then, sweet maid, I'll haste to thee.  
When the soft Æolian breezes  
Waft thy music o'er the lea;  
And when each tender passion seizes,  
Then, sweet maid, I'll haste to thee.  
When the cares of life shall grieve me,  
Thou wilt still my solace be;  
Thy smile can never fail to please me,  
Sweetest maid, I'll haste to thee. \*\*\*

#### WINE.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.  
'Ελκυστικός τὸν ωρὸν Φιλάρα.'

Wine does wonders every day.

BOBBY SOUTHHEY may rail as he pleases at wine,  
He's the Tyler of Bacchus,—the *Wat*\* of the  
Nine;

In whatever of Vision the Apollo may lack,  
He plays the king's sack-but, and drinks—  
Derry down.

Here's the classical Coleridge, the second to  
him,  
Might laugh at the goblet and touch but the  
rim;  
But good nectar he quaffed when to Byron he  
ran,  
And he poured out the drops of his '*beautiful  
Khan*'. Derry down.

Billy Wordsworth—his words were worth no-  
thing, 'tis said,  
When but water kept steady his heels and his  
head;  
But when wine made Excursions, his thoughts  
were divine,  
And he changed all his Lakes by his fancy to  
wine. Derry down.

Tom Moore cannot write with such freedom  
and sense,  
When the bottle is void, like the chaos so  
dense;  
But the tone of a cork gives him beauty and  
soul,  
And the gush of his mind with more gushing  
will roll. Derry down.

Croly's Angel, a fall'n angel surely would be,  
And his Pride, in the Garden, no actors could  
see;  
No critique could he garnish on Saturday night,  
Or next day preach sermons, were his glasses  
not bright.

The famed broadbrim of Wo-burn, that Tasso  
translates,  
Gives his pages of stanzas for volumes of dates;

\* Pronounced after the Cockney school, I presume.—Printer's Devil.

But his jewels so pristine, so clear would not  
shine,  
Were his habits not Wiffen Jerusalem's wine.  
Denry down.

Feli Hemans, the queen of poetical rank,  
But for wine, must in Dartmoor's Novembers  
have sank;  
Though with bibs and with tuckers this lady  
is giaced,  
She is not a wine-bibber she proves by her  
waist\*.

Both Maria and Jane are exceptions to this;  
They are single, 'tis true, and pref<sup>r</sup> to be miss;  
For 'tis Porter, not wine, that educes their fire,  
Hence for crusty old port, they keep Porter's  
entire.  
Denry down.

Now the last and the least of this affluent train,  
Sings for wit to enliven his spirits and brain;  
Were he sent to the docks to be taster of wine,  
He would never more trouble the taste of the  
Nine.  
Denry down.

J. R. P.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.  
*Written at Sea.*

As swift o'er the breast of the green rolling sea,  
The bark bears me off from my own native  
land,  
The pang of my heart, and the tear of my eye,  
O Scotland, betray my regret for thy strand.  
As dimly the crests of thy mountains I view,  
As the last longing sigh I obtain of thy shore,  
I sigh for the hills which my infancy knew,  
And the plains where with gladness I'll wan-  
der no more.

Yet, yet I discern, with the day's dying light,  
And the fair star of eve, where thy moun-  
tains arise;  
But Northumberland now rises high to my  
sight,  
And Scotland is lost to my lingering eyes.  
Then adieu to the hills which my childhood did  
love,  
Till the summons of fate made me sad to re-  
sign;  
In other bright bow'is, though my fancy may  
rove,  
Yet, Scotland, my heart shall be ever in thine.  
Though rude be thy aspect, though cold be thy  
clime,  
Yet soothing and warm are the hearts in thy  
shades;  
And sweet in thy valleys, at eve's dusky time,  
Are the sports of thy youths and the smiles  
of thy maids.

But farewell to those vales, to those mountains  
adieu,  
Which once were the bounds of our earth  
and our skies;  
Farewell to those youths, whom with pleasure  
I knew,  
And the soft eyes of beauty that brighten'd  
our joys.  
I depart in my season of youth and of prime,  
But perhaps in cold age must I hail thee  
again;  
And may trace the lov'd haunts of my country's  
bleak clime,  
But the souls that endeared them may look  
for in vain.  
Then let me resign thee, but never forget,  
Thou home of my fathers, thou land of the  
free;

\* Query, taste. This lady's poetry being  
of the finest flavour.—P. D.

Though my hopes be but faint, I will cherish  
them yet,  
And, an exile, be sooth'd by the memory of  
thee.  
D.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery having been lately enriched by the purchase of three pictures, we may be allowed for the benefit of those who have not had an opportunity of visiting it, to give a short notice of them. That of the greatest consequence is Bacchus and Ariadne, by Titian, about six feet square, a most magnificent picture, and long had in estimation: this is the picture Sir Joshua Reynolds mentions in his eighth discourse, when speaking of the union of one part of a picture with another for the sake of harmony. 'The conduct of Titian in the picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, has been much celebrated, and justly, for the harmony of colouring. To Ariadne is given, (say the critics,) a red scarf to relieve the figure from the sea, which is behind her. It is not for that reason alone, but for another of much greater consequence, for the sake of the general harmony and effect of the picture. The figure of Ariadne is separated from the great group, and is dressed in blue, which, added to the colour of the sea, makes that quantity of cold colour which Titian thought necessary for the support and brilliancy of the great group; which group is composed, with very little exception, entirely of mellow colours. But as the picture in this case would be divided into two distinct parts, one half cold, and the other warm, it was necessary to carry some of the mellow colours of the great group into the cold part of the picture, and a part of the cold into the great group; accordingly, Titian gave Ariadne a red scarf, and to one of the Bacchantes a little blue drapery, and a few blue flowers in the fore ground. Sir Joshua does not notice the mass of blue; the sky and distant landscape makes also the cold colour of the trees and sky, since it has been brought to the Gallery, seems lower in tone than when it was exhibited in the British Gallery, but it may have been over-cleaned before, and now, by a little glazing be restored to its proper harmony. This picture is one of the three painted by Titian of the same size; one representing Ariadne asleep in the corner of the picture, while the attendants of Bacchus are drinking and dancing. The other is a number of children, both in one time at the gallery in Madrid, but whether in the keeping of Ferdinand or the executors of the late Walsch Porter, whose pictures Mr. Phillips has announced for sale, we cannot determine. The two others, purchased by the keeper of the Gallery, are a Nicolo Poussin, and an Annibal Carracci. The Poussin is about four feet by three, and represents a dance of satyrs and nymphs. Some of the figures are well drawn, though dry in the colouring, as is the case with most of this artist's works. It forms a companion to one already in the Gallery. The picture by Carracci is about two feet in height, and represents Christ bearing the cross discovered by St. Peter, who is in the attitude of amazement. The figure of Christ

is in a fine style, though the head and hands are but mediocre—the background is in this artist's best manner: but these two are certainly overvalued, at 2000 guineas each, unless by those who live by the sale of old pictures, and whose interest it is to keep up their price; but still, when they purchase such pictures as the Titian, we shall not quarrel about a few thousands. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, when recommending the purchase, was advised to purchase this picture at the price of 5000 guineas, and therefore, (by a mode of calculation quite his own,) the three at 9000 guineas must be a great bargain. The plain truth is, the conservators of the Gallery never have purchased anything in the shape of great bargains. The first picture they did publicly bid for—viz. a Salvator Rosa, was bought by Mr. Lambton for 1500 guineas—a most extravagant price for a picture which does neither credit to the artist nor the possessor. The Corregio—viz. the Madonna and Child, and which has suffered martyrdom under the lancet of the French dealers, was purchased at the enormous price of £4500; and this very Titian, although Mr. Buchanan gives Mr. Irvine's letter to show that 9000 crowns were paid for it, was sold to Lord Kinnaird for what was thought at the time a large sum—viz. 2000 guineas: his lordship deposited it along with some others with Mr. Hamlet, the jeweller, and it was exhibited at the British Gallery as Mr. Hamlet's property.

At the passing of the bill, in the first instance, a clause was introduced, authorising the keeper, as often as occasion offered, to recommend and purchase pictures for the Gallery—a clause, seeing the immense patronage it is likely to produce, not likely to remain dormant, and which, at the time, caused all the members of the Royal Academy to protest against it. A committee on the subject was formed, and the advice of the Royal Academy was that such a clause on the subject was not at all desirable; indeed, through the whole business, it appears that artists have been treated with contempt, but studiously kept out of sight. Is it to be inferred that the office of deputy keeper has been filled by a major in the army? The keeper, however, must shortly arrive when the establishment will be of too great consequence to be under the control of any directors, but such as are known to the public as fit persons. Mr. Seager certainly can clean a picture—perhaps no one better: nor should we say £500 was too much for keeping the pictures in order; neither do we object to his deputy. Major Oaks, for keeping the students in order; but, surely, such persons are out of their place in directing the taste of the nation, or superintending the progress of painting; and when the grant comes to be considered for building a Gallery, we trust a committee of painters and sculptors will be appointed to arrange respecting the building, and also as to what purchases will best benefit the institution.

THE DRAMA.

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The managers of this theatre, determined that the public should have its usual treat of a new piece for the ho-

lydays, got up a play, called *Oberon*, and which is founded on Wieland's poem of that name. An opera, by Weber, was announced as in preparation at the rival theatre, which, in this instance, has been anticipated in name and subject, though not in the music, we presume.

The hero of *Oberon, or the Enchanted Horn*, is Sir Huon of Guyenne, who, at the solemn tournament on the 1st of May, in single combat, slew Prince Scharlot, son of Charlemagne, and was on that account banished his native country, and ordered on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Charlemagne further commanded the warrior pilgrim, under the penalty of forfeiting his lands and title, to proceed to Bagdad, enter the Caliph's palace, cut a lock of his silver beard, kill his most honoured guest, marry his daughter, and, having accomplished all these feats of art and prowess, to return to Paris in twelve months. Tossed about at the sport of winds and witchcraft, for eleven months, he stumbles on a wild man of the woods, who happened to be Sherasmin, a faithful squire of Sir Huon's father in the Holy Wars. By his assistance, and the magic influence of King Oberon's horn, he succeeded, through deserts and dungeons and seas and storms, in executing his sovereign's manifold mandates. This is the main-spring of the tale, to which is appended various machinery, mortal and supernatural.

It is not, however, in the story or the dialogue that the attractions of the piece consist, but in the scenery, by Stanfield and Roberts, which is extremely beautiful; the view of Bagdad, by the latter, is very fine, as is Stanfield's scene of fairy land, which is a charming composition; the panorama of Tunis, by the same artist, is of a still higher order, and is, perhaps, the finest painting for truth, effect, and magical illusion ever exhibited within the walls of a theatre. The acting was tolerable, and the peer who presided with some applause; but it suffered considerable curtailment, when

comes the *Life of Napoleon* at the English theatre. It is silly and trifling, and a lecture on *Bonaparte* to-day without a farce. The consequence was, 'a beggarly account of empty boxes, a discontented, but by no means crowded pit, and an uproarion gallery.'

*At the English House*—What more can we say of Mr. Mathews and his *Invitations*, thought we, as we quitted the English Opera House on Monday evening? for all though his performance is entitled to the highest praise, yet he has drawn us largely on us, that we are bankrupt in compliment. Thus cogitating we reached home, and found a bundle of letters—not of invitations, certainly, except one, which was that we would stand godmother for a child who we were assured had no other friend to look up to. They were principally letters connected with our editorial dues, and one of them contained an ode to Mr. Mathews. It is much too long for insertion, but we must quote a passage which appears to us to be a parody on Pope's *Dunciad*. It is as follows:

'Oh thou, whatever title please thine ear,  
*Artiste*, comedian, or grimacier;  
Whether thou choose Thalia's playful air,  
Or laugh and shake in Momus' easy chair,  
Or imitate or ridicule mankind,  
Or thy auditors' stern features quite unbind,  
From thy own genius, which thus acquires,  
Means to satisfy a town's desires;  
Here pleased I view thy mighty wings out-spread,  
And giving life to those who're almost dead.'

Mathews, we confess, is worthy of a much better laureat, but the sincerity of the compliment, will, perhaps, atone for its want of poetic merit. Easter Monday saw Mr. Mathews in his glory—that is, with a house crowded in every part, and all delighted with his inimitable performance. From the orchestra to the back seat of the gallery nothing but mirth-loving, care-dispelled faces were to be seen, which occasionally melted into the simpering titter of some little miss, or the hearty horse-laugh of a countryman, unconscious that he was either seen or heard. Once, and once only, was the scene changed, and this was when Mr. Mathews presented the fearful picture of the maniac gambler; then sighs and tears attested the power of the great magician, who thus swayed the feelings at his will. In short, Mr. Mathews' *Invitations*, like all his entertainments, improve upon acquaintance, because they depend more on his talents than on their own merits as a composition; and while this is the case, they cannot fail of continuing to be popular.

The summer minor theatres all opened successfully.

#### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.—Our readers will recollect the hoax played by some German booksellers in getting up a novel, called *Waldmoor*, which professed to be translated from the English of Sir Walter Scott; a singular trick seems now about to be played respecting the forthcoming *Life of Bonaparte*,

appears by the following notice in a German paper:—'Messrs. Schumann, brothers, booksellers, at Zwickau, have advertised, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and other papers, that the first volume of the *Life of Napoleon*, by Sir Walter Scott, has been lately published in London, that it will consist of five large volumes, 8vo., and be all published by the end of August; that a Dr. Barmann is making a translation, which they will publish in seven pocket volumes, with copper-plates; the first two to be delivered to the subscribers in June, and the whole before the end of the year.' They will also print an edition in English, and the price is to be about fifteen pence a volume.'—As Sir Walter has sometimes sent his novels to America, sheet by sheet, as they are printed, (and an American edition contains a chapter of one novel, which he suppressed in the Scotch edition,) it is not certain but the first volume of the *life of Bonaparte* may have been sent to Germany, particularly as it has been stated some time ago that it was printed. Certain, however, it is, that the volume has not, as stated by Messrs. Schumann, been published in London.

The peasant Fedor Slapuschnik, a Russian vassal of Madam Von Novosilzoff, who has attracted great attention as an untaught poet, has had the good fortune to have his poems published and shown to the imperial family by the minister for popular instruction. The title of the book is *Leisure Hours of a Villager*. The emperor has given him a valuable velvet caftan of honour, each of the empresses a gold watch, and the Imperial Russian Academy the gold medal of the second class.

#### THE BEE, OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

##### THE OPINATIVE.

Tom his own genius sees—how just his pride!  
Since he sees more than all the world beside.

##### A HINT TO GAMESTERS.

Accept this advice, you who sit down to play,  
The best throw of the dice is to throw them away.

##### LUCK, THE LONDON CARRIER.

When Luck brought nothing home to dame,  
She'd call him ill Luck, with a sigh;

But when with cash he laden came—

'You're good Luck now, my dear!' she'd cry.

##### HIGHWAYS—DIRTY WAYS.

'Help us, our ways to mend!'  
Aye, for our roads are dirty ways:  
Why don't the parish trustees send  
A clean highway for him that pays?' P.

##### OLD MOON, THE WOODCUTTER.

To see the man in the moon, thousands have  
ran;

Now thousands may see the old Moon in a  
man;

And what is more wonderful, thousands, alack!  
May behold the same Moon with the sticks on  
his back.

*Legislation*.—*St. Anthony's Swine*.—In many towns of Italy, a custom till lately prevailed of suffering swine, goats, poultry, and other animals to run about the streets seeking food, to the great annoyance of passengers. On my arrival here, I frequently observed two pigs pass under my window, picking up, as it appeared to me, not a very decent livelihood, and I could not help mentioning it to my landlady, as an intolerable nuisance. 'Oh!' said she. 'Sono animali della fraternità di Sant' Antonio!' Being unwilling to appear ignorant, or to shock her prejudices, I forebore asking an explanation, and only observed that the unclean beasts, though in other respects in good condition, were both mutilated, each of them having one ear cut off, and the other slit: 'Dev' esser così,' 'It must be so,' quoth she.

I have since discovered that these were privileged animals. In the ancient statutes of the city, some of which are now abrogated, I find the following:—

*Lib. iii. Rubrica 31. De animalibus tenendis, &c.*

Possint etiam duo porci fraternitatis Sancti Antonii vagari per civitatem, quibus altera auricula amputetur, et altera findatur, sed cum fecerint, current Magistri, sive Caniparii dictæ fraternitatis, ut omnes, relictis tantum duobus, intra proximum mensem vendant, vel extra civitatem mittant, sub pena quinquaginta librarum, et si duo illi porci aliquod damnum deterint, teneantur

Caniparii illud emendare, steturque jumento conquerentis, et de damno illato, et de ejus quantitate, qua in re quicunque ex Judicibus Civitatis aditus fuerit, summarie, semel tantum citatis Canipariis, jus dicat.

*Translation.*

It shall also be lawful for two pigs of the fraternity of St. Anthony to wander in the city, they having one ear cut off and the other slit. But when they shall have procreated, the superior or stewards of the said fraternity shall provide that all the young ones, except two only, be within the month next ensuing, sold or sent out of the city, under a penalty of fifty livres. And if the said two pigs do any damage, the stewards shall be bound to make it good, and the party complaining shall be believed on his oath, both as to the nature of the damage and its extent. And to every judge of the city it shall be lawful to hear and determine all such causes in a summary way, after one sole citation of the stewards.

*Scotch Bull.*—A weekly paper, north—but not far north of the Tweed, congratulates its readers, that ‘the *interminable* storms of January and February have been succeeded by mild, dry, and pleasant weather,’—a pretty good proof, we conceive, that these storms were not interminable.

A foreigner asked a tradesman on Good Friday, why the shops were shut. ‘It is a day of abstinence, sir,’ said the punster: ‘and we are not contented with fasting ourselves, but we make our shop-windows fast also.’

When General O’Hara was governor of Gibraltar, the garrison was afflicted with ophthalmia, which, it was supposed, was caused or aggravated by the glare of light reflected from the bright face of the buildings; the general, in consequence, issued a peremptory order, commanding the inhabitants to whitewash their houses blue.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	10 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Baron.	10 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar. 24	36	39	34	29	61	Cloudy.
.... 25	35	42	34	..	70	Fine.
.... 26	38	40	30	..	81	Snow.
.... 27	33	41	34	30	00	Fair.
.... 28	39	49	39	29	75	Do.
.... 29	38	44	34	..	70	Cloudy.
.... 30	37	46	34	30	15	Fine.

*Works just published.*—Nichols’s Progresses, Processions, &c. of King James I. Parts X. and XI. 10s. 6d. each.—Bassett’s Molech, or the Approach of the Deluge, a Sacred Drama, 5s. 6d.—Visit to the Rectory of Passy, 8vo. 7s.—Christmas Week in the Country, 12mo. 3s.—Tales of Chivalry and Romance, small 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Stewart’s Two Sermons on the Past, Present, and Future State of the Jews, 3s. 6d.—The Time-Piece, No. 1, 1s.—Denham and Claperton’s Discoveries in Africa, 4to. 4s. 14s. 6d.—Commissioners’ Report on the Chancery Practice, 6s.—Wilson’s Proverbial Sermons, 10s. 6d.—Brown’s Jewish Antiquities, two vols. 24s.—Huig’s Account of Kelso and Jedburgh, 8vo. 12s.—Davis’s Religious Education, 3s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE critical notice of the Third Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is unavoidably deferred until next week, when we shall insert the poem of H. B., a Ramble of Asmodeus, Moore’s Views, &c.

S. F. G. is under consideration.

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